

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Caution Needed

Mr. Foster Dulles' appeal for "united action" to halt further participation by the Chinese Communists in the Indo-China conflict poses a new political problem for the nations to whom this call is addressed. Whitehall, it is said, is chiefly concerned about the timing of this latest move by Mr. Dulles, and certainly there is cause to wonder why the American Secretary of State has chosen this particular moment to introduce what is quite clearly a dangerous proposition. Is it because he believes the military situation at Dien Bien Phu is so critical for the French Union forces that it can possibly only be saved by giving notice to Peking that future military successes by the Vietnamese rebels will be met with concerted action by the free world? Or is it because he is already convinced that nothing can emerge from the Geneva conference that will contribute to a settlement in Indo-China, and that he wants the Western allies to guarantee Indo-China against further aggression? Mr. Dulles himself has been anything but clear in his public utterances and nothing President Eisenhower said at his press conference this week offered enlightenment. United action by the free world seems to imply something more than attaching signatures to a chiding note addressed to Peking, and if for no other reason, it is well that Mr. Dulles is making a special visit to London and Paris to explain just what are his intentions. If he is thinking in terms of addressing a note to Communist China which could be interpreted as an ultimatum then it is to be devoutly hoped that Britain, France and the Commonwealth nations will have nothing to do with it, for it could achieve nothing except wreck the Geneva conference before it ever got under way. It is timely to remember that the Geneva conference is essentially a substitute for the originally proposed Korean political conference and is, therefore, not to be sabotaged simply because of new military developments in Indo-China. The cautious British and French reaction to the Dulles proposal is justified and the same caution must be adopted before anybody is committed to any action which might set the whole of the Far East aflame.

# Air & Sea Search For Comet Victims And Wreckage

## FISHING BOATS RECOVER MORE BODIES

Naples, Apr. 9.

Ships and planes battled against strong winds and high seas today in search of bodies and wreckage from the Comet which met sudden, mysterious disaster while climbing into the stratosphere outward bound from Rome last night.

Twenty-one people were aboard the Comet, operated by South African Airways, on the recently resumed London-Johannesburg run. The Comet fleets had been grounded after a Comet crashed into the sea off Elba on January 10 with the loss of all 35 on board. Now they are grounded again.

A great three-nation sea and air search swept the waters daylong round the toe of Italy as reports came in of bodies and wreckage being sighted south of Naples.

Italian fishing boats tonight recovered more bodies from the search area, Italian Admiral Massimo Givetti's headquarters announced here.

Earlier the British aircraft carrier Eagle and a destroyer picked up six bodies from the jetliner.

In Rome tonight, British and Italian civil aviation officials were making a detailed check of the flight records of the two Comets which in the last three months have both met disaster soon after taking off from the airport.

Throughout today's big search, rescuers were hampered by bad visibility which was sometimes down to a few hundred yards.

Then a British European Airways Elizabethan airliner reported sighting bodies and wreckage in the sea about 30 miles north of Stromboli and 35 miles west of the Calabrian coast.

Later an American plane said it had seen "bodies" farther to the north.

Immediately, the Italian corvette, Ibis, which had sighted a large oil patch in the area earlier today, set out for the spot indicated by the Elizabethan.

The Italian tug, Tenace, put out from here to investigate the Italian plane's report.

Meanwhile, the 36,000-ton Eagle was steaming into the search area. Five Shackleton aircraft from Malta joined in.

The Comet had been delayed for a day in Rome, while a spare fuel gauge of a type unobtainable in Italy was flown out from Britain.

The gauge arrived at lunch-time yesterday, but the pilot, 39-year-old Captain Willem Karel Mostert, had to alter his flight plan to comply with a

## Britain's Technicians Baffled

London, Apr. 9.

Britain's most brilliant aircraft technicians were completely baffled tonight by the big mystery of the jet age—why three apparently foolproof Comet airliners have met sudden disaster.

Only a few weeks ago, they stripped the whole of British Overseas Airways fleet of Comets, examining every nut and bolt for any sign of design or structural weakness. They failed to find anything wrong.

Yet tonight they were faced with the realization that somewhere in the higher altitudes, from six to eight miles above the earth, sudden and terrifying disaster can overtake a jet aircraft for reasons yet beyond their knowledge.

The British technicians tried every kind of safeguard they could think of after the Elba crash on January 10—43 modifications aimed at protecting the plane against even the most remote and improbable happenings.

Sir Miles Thomas, Chairman of British Overseas Airways, gave a clue today to the lines of investigation.

In a statement, he pointed out that the three big Comet disasters have all followed a certain pattern—"on reaching or approaching maximum altitude at full power."

Scientists were pondering to-night whether in the "upper air" plied by jet aircraft there is some unpredictable phenomenon which either throws a plane temporarily out of control or builds up stress and strains that no man-made structure can withstand.

### TWO POSSIBILITIES

Experts have noted that in none of the three unsolved Comet riddles has the radio operator been able to send out even the faintest of a distress signal. This suggests either:

1. That some violent electrical or other disturbance in each case has silenced the radio systems.

2. That the radio operator and the other occupants of the plane have been stunned or killed in the fraction of a second.

Another question asked is what would happen if there was some mishap of the pressurization of the inside of the cabin at a great height. Experts reply that even if—as is most unlikely—a Comet window was to break, there should be no disaster. One member of the crew by regulation continuously wears an oxygen mask and in emergency he could bring the aircraft down—if necessary—at a speed of 7,000 miles a minute.

The effects of a leak in the fuselage would not be sufficient to injure seriously any of the occupants in the short time before the plane got down to a lower oxygen-filled altitude.

The possibility of the plane being hit by a large solid object, such as an eagle or vulture, is also discounted because birds are rarely encountered at such heights.—Reuter.

## Anti-Communist United Front Siam Accepts Invitation

Washington, Apr. 9.

State Department spokesman Henry Suydam today disclosed that Thailand has accepted the American invitation "to join in arranging for a united front against Communist aggression in Southeast Asia."

That Ambassador Pote Sarasin called on Secretary of State John Foster Dulles this afternoon and informed him of his government's acceptance of the US plan to build a united non-Communist front in Southeast Asia.

The spokesman added: "It is understood that the two governments will continue in close consultation with each other with reference to this matter."

Mr. Suydam said "I cannot say" when asked whether Thailand was the first government to accept Mr. Dulles' proposal.

However, no announcement of any other acceptances has been made.

"I wanted Mr. Dulles to go to Europe with some support and I would like to stress that there were no conditions attached to our acceptance," Ambassador Sarasin told the United Press later.

He said he was delighted that his government's acceptance of the United States invitation to join in a united front against aggression in Southeast Asia had arrived here before Mr. Dulles' departure.

He added that Mr. Dulles expressed great gratification at Thailand's prompt acceptance.—United Press.

## Royal Visit Threats

Kampala, Uganda, Apr. 9.

Many Africans in Buganda today reported receiving threats that they would be beaten and their homes burned down if they attend celebrations marking Queen Elizabeth's visit on April 28.

This follows recent threats that the three regents of Buganda would be assassinated if they welcome the Queen.

The Kabaka (King) of Buganda—an African province of about 1,300,000 within Uganda—was deposed by the British Government on November 30 last year.

Three regents were appointed to replace him.

African newsmen are refusing to distribute the European newspaper, Uganda Herald, and the pro-Government vernacular newspaper, Matulisi.

They say they have been threatened with death if they continue.—Reuter.

## Atomic Control: Britain's Proposal

New York, Apr. 9.

Britain today proposed to the United Nations that the Big Four powers—Britain, France, United States and Russia—plus Canada be established as a sub-committee to try to find a new approach to atomic control and the reduction of armaments.

Britain further proposed that the Sub-Committee meet in New York and report back to the Disarmament Commission by July 15.

The proposal was made by Sir Pierson Dixon before the 12-nation Disarmament Commission, which was called into session at the request of Britain, France and the United States.

They had asked that the Commission take up the proposal which the General Assembly made last year, that it set up a sub-committee of representatives of "the powers principally involved," which would meet in private and try to find a solution of the long deadlocked issue of atom control and reduction of armaments and armed forces.

The General Assembly further suggested that the meetings take place in the capitals of the countries concerned.

The meeting, the first the Commission had since last year, opened with an air of drama caused by the world-wide concern at the effects of the recent United States hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific.

### VIETNAM PROTESTS

Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, the Soviet delegate, heightened the tension by immediately declaring that Dr. T. F. Tsiang, the Nationalist China delegate, was "illegally" occupying the President's chair.

As soon as the meeting opened, Mr. Vyshinsky said: "It is illegal for the functions of the chairman of the Disarmament Commission to be entrusted to a representative of the Kuomintang group, which does not represent China and who unlawfully occupies a seat in the Disarmament Commission."

Dr. Tsiang is President for this month under the monthly system of rotation by alphabetical order.

Dr. Tsiang replied to Mr. Vyshinsky saying he held the position of Chairman by the rule of the Charter and the rules of the Commission.

"The legality of my position remains intact, the representative of the USSR notwithstanding," he added.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the United States delegate, said Mr. Vyshinsky's remarks were "falacious."

Mr. Vyshinsky said he did not consider it necessary to enter into a discussion on the question, but he said that the situation created when a seat on the Commission was occupied by a person not empowered by the rightful Government of China was in itself wrong and the carrying out of the Chairman's functions was performed without any legal foundation.

"But I repeat," he added, "I do not intend to engage in any argument on this point."

This closed the incident and the President called on Sir Pierson Dixon.—Reuter.

# TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Three Stars  
Gracechurch  
Matador  
Outsider:—Al Fresco.

RACE 2

First Lady  
Heliophyte  
Busy Bee  
Outsider:—Aesthete.

RACE 3

Kentucky Lad  
Emerald  
Beautiful Lie  
Outsider:—Squadron Leader.

RACE 4

Cirrus  
Four Aces  
Peachums  
Outsider:—Free Success.

RACE 5

Norseman  
Crackerjack  
Kentucky Lady  
Outsider:—Star-glo.

RACE 6

Spinning Wheel  
King A  
Manx Penny  
Outsider:—Barometer.

RACE 7

Santa Claus  
Adorable Ada  
Ben Ledl  
Outsider:—Phoenix.

RACE 8

Huntington  
Firestone  
Bright Bay  
Outsider:—United Victory.

RACE 9

Comet  
Rebel II  
Hurry On  
Outsider:—Atomic Caesar.

RACE 10

Marine Charger  
Air Power  
The Stranger  
Outsider:—Brivisto.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Angelic Power  
Three Stars  
Matador  
Outsider:—Queenpots.

RACE 2

First Lady  
Heliophyte  
Busy Bee  
Outsider:—Popularity.

RACE 3

Kentucky Lad  
Skylon  
Confection  
Outsider:—Squadron Leader.

RACE 4

Cirrus  
Four Aces  
Possibility II  
Outsider:—Free Success.

RACE 5

Picasso  
Norseman  
Crackerjack  
Outsider:—Kentucky Lady.

RACE 6

King A  
Manx Penny  
Spinning Wheel  
Outsider:—Char Ting.

RACE 7

Phoenix  
Adorable Ada  
Ben Ledl  
Outsider:—Hiram C.

RACE 8

Huntington  
United Victory  
Bright Bay  
Outsider:—Firestone.

RACE 9

Comet  
Rebel II  
Atomic Caesar  
Outsider:—Free Kick.

RACE 10

Marine Charger  
Air Power  
Cordon Rouge  
Outsider:—The Stranger.

## Latest Soviet Allegation

London, Apr. 9.

A Soviet report radioed to ships at sea alleged today that American agents in Japan had tried by threats to force a Russian captain, held by Japanese Naval guards, to go to the United States.

The report, quoting Soviet newspapers, said when threats failed, the American agents tried to force the Russian captain to go to the United States.

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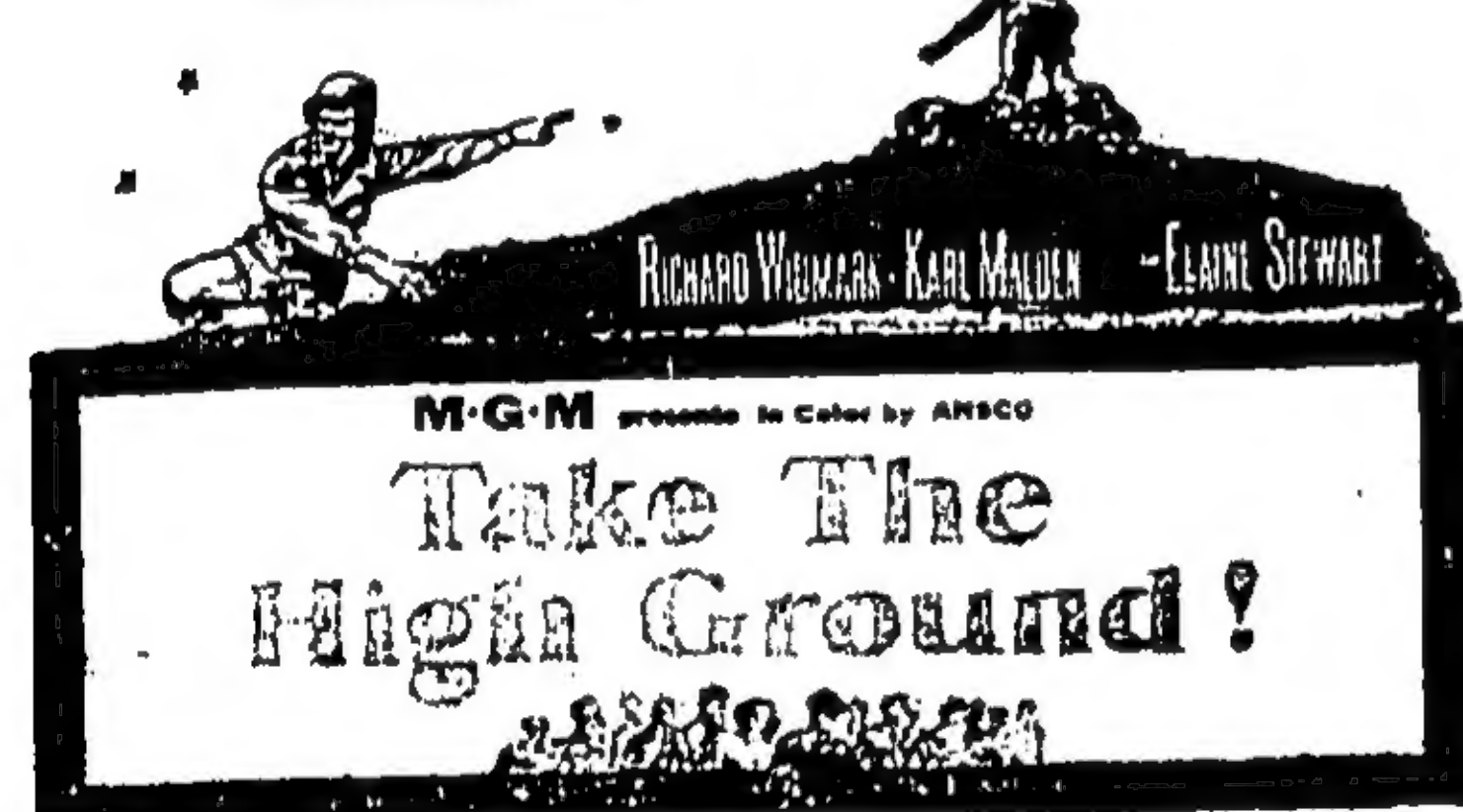
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D.G.S. Old Girls Association Union Dinner.

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**MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN**


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**FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING**

By JANE ROBERTS

Most of the cinema theatres, either this week or next, seem set for long runs, with at least two launching their pictures with gala premieres.

Two films I mentioned last week as due to start yesterday and which I didn't have space to tell you about were "THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY" and "THE VANQUISHED". The former is on at the QUEEN'S and the ALHAMBRA and should have quite a successful run.

If you used to like Eddie Cantor's style on the screen and admired his voice, then you'll like his life story. For Keeffe Brasseur's interpretation of the role of Eddie Cantor is not like a painting of a person—it's a photograph. A completely faithful reproduction of the voice, facial contortions and mannerisms of the singer, rather than an impression of the man himself. And this photograph is probably what most of his admirers will prefer.

**CANTOR'S VOICE**

You'll hear Eddie Cantor's voice singing the 17 songs in the picture—in the dialogue it's the voice of Keeffe Brasseur.

There's a Ziegfeld Follies sequence in which Will Rogers Jr. plays the part of his own father. This was arranged some years before, when the Cantor picture was first discussed—Eddie Cantor at the time having just played himself in "THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS".

The part of Eddie Cantor's wife is taken by Marilyn Erskine, who's not been seen in anything particularly spectacular so far, but has been on the screen playing steadily for some years. This is bright, cheerful entertainment.

"THE VANQUISHED" will be at the KING'S, EMPIRE and PRINCESS over this week-end and go on into next week. After a war, there's always as much high feeling between victor and vanquished as there was before the victory, when the outcome of the struggle was still uncertain. Look at the results of the 1920-45 war—now nearly nine years over. How much more bitter are the feelings after a Civil War, when you might have been fighting your own relatives, brought up in another part of the country and in different environment from yourself.

"THE VANQUISHED", set in a Southern town called Galeson, tells of the aftermath of the American Civil War. Yes, I know we're beginning to know this particular piece of American history backwards—but in this picture we're at least allowed a glimpse at the feelings motivating (sorry about that word, it seems to be the only one that fits) the dislike of the Southerner for the Northerner.

The leisurely manners and politeness of the pre-war Southern aristocracy must have angered the Northerners immeasurably. Of course, the North had an upper class of its own, but they were outnumbered by the bustling middle class get-rich-quick gentry who had no time for the considerate behaviour they labelled "decadence".

The South, on the other hand, had very few of this type and of that few, most were trash. Hence the apparently snobbish attitude of the majority of the Southerners to anyone outside their own society.

Slavery was an integral part of this feeling—the manual work of the slaves freeing the whites for the practice of the good manners the Northerners so despised.

The few non-slavery whites then, were Northerners in sympathy, it only to get even with the people who had humiliated them.

**GRUDGE-BEARING**

When the North won, but of their homes came creeping these grudge-bearing whites with all the machinery of the Peace Administration behind them.

Lyle Bettger has the office of Civil Administrator. He has many pre-war slights to make pay for—so has his girl friend, Jan Sterling. Born on what I believe they call "the wrong side of the tracks", she tries to feed her wounded pride by bringing down John Payne.

Payne, an ex-Confederate officer and a member of one of Galeson's leading pre-war families, is ostensibly as late as on humbling the beaten upper classes as Bettger, but we soon discover that he's really a spy for the neutral Peace Administration.

The now wealthy Jan Sterling, though attracted to him, is still bitter enough about her former treatment to want to make the old families, including John Payne, suffer.

So there we have the stage set for action. Oh yes, I forgot to mention Coleen Gray, the nice girl-childhood sweetheart of John Payne.

There is plenty of action weaving in an out of "THE VANQUISHED"—even the girls fight—so in it there should be something for everyone.

"PARIS EXPRESS" will be making way at the ROXY and BROADWAY for an Italian film called "TOMBOLO" or "BLACK PARADISE".

Like "PARIS EXPRESS", I haven't seen a preview of "TOMBOLO", so that it's difficult to give you more than a rough outline of what it's about.

Aldo Fabrizi heads the cast—he was also in "PAISAN" or "OPEN CITY"—as the guardian of an Allied arms dump on the Via Aurelia, near Leghorn.

**VULTURES' SHELTER**

The dense forest of Tombo which lies on both sides of the road between Pisa and Leghorn shelters the vultures who make a living from stealing from these dumps.

They're a queer band—deserters of all nationalities, war criminals, escaped prisoners of war and the women who prey on them. So far the setting looks promising.

Reviews I've seen are dated early 1950 and the consensus of opinion seems to be that it's an "interesting melodrama".

After "TOMBOLO" the ROXY and the BROADWAY will be showing "BENEATH THE 12-MILE REEF", 20th Century Fox's CinemaScope picture. Again, no preview, but as there's promise of one next week, I'll let you know all about it when I've seen it.

Something I have seen and can thoroughly recommend is "THE GLENN MILLER STORY" having its gala premiere at the LEE on the 13th, after you've all had a chance to see "THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO". THE GREAT WORLD comes in on this one too.

**HEARTWARMING**

Don't miss "THE GLENN MILLER STORY" whatever you do. It's all the clichés like "Heartwarming", "Human", "A Polished Production"—besides being a really fine picture.

The title role is played superbly by James Stewart. He's still got that corn-croak voice that rises to a shout when he gets excited and a lot of the Stewart mannerisms have been incorporated into the character of Glenn Miller. But, as usual with this actor, they seem to fit the man he's trying to interpret to us.

June Allyson of the twinkling eyes (always, to my mind, the nicest thing about her) plays Mrs Miller with a sincerity that I think few stars could match.

Henry Morgan (who I mentioned as having a supporting part in "TORCH SONG" a week or so back) is Miller's best friend with a passion for cars and a very likeable person he is too. And look out for Big Boy, a German prison camp official in "STALAG 17" in the "GLENN MILLER STORY".

MILLER STORY" he's a genial pawnbroker!

"THE GLENN MILLER STORY" is a long picture—it runs for nearly two hours, but I didn't feel the need to fidget once. Even felt sorry in the last ten minutes when I could sense the end drawing near.

**MAKES HIM CREDIBLE**

Unlike most "success through hard way" stories, this one really made you feel that he's a man who actually had struggled hard to get to the top. It may have been due, in part, to the proportion of that allotted to the ups and downs, balanced against the time given to the sequences when Miller was in the big time, but I prefer to give the credit to the script writers and to James Stewart who made the character of Glenn Miller a sympathetic and at the same time so completely credible.

I always feel I'm cheating if I shower praise unreservedly on a film—it seems unfair to the actors and producing staff because naturally some sections are better than others and I find the lot makes the better parts lose their stature.

So let's say that I detected faint resemblance to "BLUE IN THE NIGHT" which I saw a very long time ago, with Richard Widmark as the young dance band leader, with an urge to play his kind of music, although the commercial type paid. Priscilla Lane had the June Allyson part—that of encouraging and keeping the artist on his chosen path—a girl very much like her in looks and freeness.

Glenn Miller's father is played by that perennial hick from the sticks, Irving Bacon. When you hear him incredibly working out how much his poor famous son is going to make on the sale of his records at a place, just as back and forth on the \$10,000,000 (TEN MILLION) in case you're like me and are bothered by noughts) that James Stewart is going to make from the film of the life of the successful record-making man.

**OFF THE TOP SHELF**

There's the most wonderful jam session scene in the film in which Glenn Miller sits in with Louis Armstrong, and Gene Krupa in a Harlem night club. The jazz played then is absolutely off the top shelf and although it's the film's only kind of music that has formed the basis and background to a picture, even I might have not liked it, it provided just the right sharp touch to contrast to the sweetness of the rest of the film. Somehow, however, Miller's music, and there was a great deal of it, never cloyed in spite of its deliberately soothing texture.

Yes, it's a great picture and I could sit very happily through it again.

Midweek changes will be "STALAG 17" returning for two days to the EMPIRE, "THE YOUNG CHOPIN" going to the KING'S and PRINCESS and "THE LOVE LOTTERY" moving back for a short spell at the QUEEN'S.

I've never reviewed "STALAG 17" as it was running at the time I took over this column. However, what I would have said is that William Holden's Academy Award for his part in it was well earned, that the supporting characters are excellent—even "Animal" whom I personally found repulsive, but real enough) and that it was neatly put together.

**MADE IN POLAND**

"THE YOUNG CHOPIN" was made in 1951 in Warsaw and the cast is entirely Polish. From the list of music played in it I should say that it is well worth seeing for that alone. For the acting I cannot speak as I have not yet seen it.

and both the Warsaw and Poznan Opera Ballets are represented. Unfortunately, as it's on for two days only, all I can say is that if you like classical music and ballet, I suggest you follow my example and go to see it quickly.

Richard Widmark will be taking the high ground for most of next week at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY and scheduled to succeed him is another screen toughie—Burt Lancaster in "HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE".

This will have a particularly strong story appeal for Hongkong people who were here before the war. The name "O'Keefe" to them won't mean David O'Keefe, the central character in the film, but his daughter Daisy, who taught dancing here until 1940.

I can't claim personal knowledge of her—she was before my time—but my informant, Aileen Woods, who can tell so many stories of old Hongkong, knows her well.

What a peculiar history her father had, it even part of the book from which the film was taken can be believed.

He came to this part of the world from Savannah in the 1870s and after a short stay in Hongkong for that important step in modern business—"contact making"—found himself in Palau. The pearl fishing he was engaged in, naturally enough, brought trouble, not only from his business rivals, but from his friends.

"HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE" (in its colourful form, the early history of many a trader in these parts in the late 19th century. The other two big pictures moving our way next week are "MOGAMBO" and "ROMAN HOLIDAY".

**TWO NAMES WILL SELL**

Now "MOGAMBO" has in it at least two names that will sell the picture before anything need be said about the story. I mean, of course, Clark Gable and Ava Gardner. Clark is quite one of the loveliest women on the screen today and although I find Clark Gable's charm a little more elusive after all these years, he's still a number one box office name.

The jungle country (in Technicolor) used in "MOGAMBO" is Kenya and although the object of the expedition led by Clark Gable isn't big game hunting but anthropological research, there's an awful lot of game about to make exciting film shots.

Grace Kelly provides the "other woman" interest and although her husband is with her in the expedition, this doesn't deter her from tracking down Gable.

Ava Gardner, a showgirl from the Big City, is given the name "Honey Bear" to even up or chances against Grace Kelly and the direction is in the hands of John Ford.

**AUDREY'S COMING**

"ROMAN HOLIDAY" will be having its gala premiere on 14th—next Wednesday that is. You're sure to have heard a particular about Audrey Hepburn's rapid rise to fame as a consequence of her performance in it and of the excellence of the picture in general. I saw it in London last year, loved it and intended to see it again in spite of the spine-chilling mockery in the newscast show in her accepting her Oscar. After I've seen it again I'll do you my second impressions.

**SPOTLIGHT ON A LITTLE AUDREY**

Audrey Hepburn is the star of second feature film, "Monty Cato Baby", generally released in month. At least, the posters say she is the star.

Hepburn appears for about 12 minutes, looking pretty boyed as a film star whose has been kidnapped by a madman. The rest of the picture, 80 minutes is concerned with the baby and Ray Ventura's band. Miss Hepburn is a long way after them in importance.

The film was made more than a year ago in France, dubbed in American voices, and sold by a British company. It released now, presumably because Miss Hepburn has since become an important name.

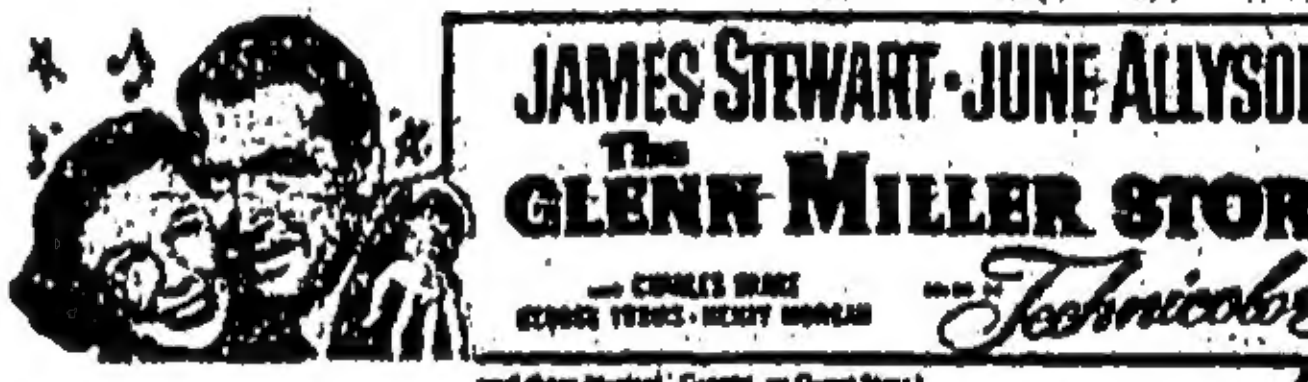
**QUEEN'S**
**TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.**  
 Colonel Wilde — Maureen O'Hara  
**"SONS OF THE MUSKETEERS"**  
 An RKO Picture IN TECHNICOLOR  
 AT REDUCED PRICES!

**QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA**

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★


 — Added Latest Warner News —  
**FIRST PICTURES OF H-BOMB BLAST**
**LEE Theatre**
**SHOWING TO-DAY**  
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

 Added: Latest CAUMONT BRITISH & U-I NEWS  
**THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1954**  
**GALA PREMIERE**  
 Tuesday, 13th April, at 9.30 p.m.

**MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW**  
 LEE THEATRE  
 At 11.30 a.m.  
 Warner Bros. Presents  
 TECHNICOLOR  
 CARTOONS PROGRAMME  
 AT REDUCED PRICES!

**GREAT WORLD**  
 At 12.30 p.m.  
 RKO Radio Presents  
 WALT DISNEY'S  
 COLOUR CARTOONS  
 AT REDUCED PRICES!

**MAJESTIC**  
 AIR CONDITIONED

**SHOWING TO-DAY**

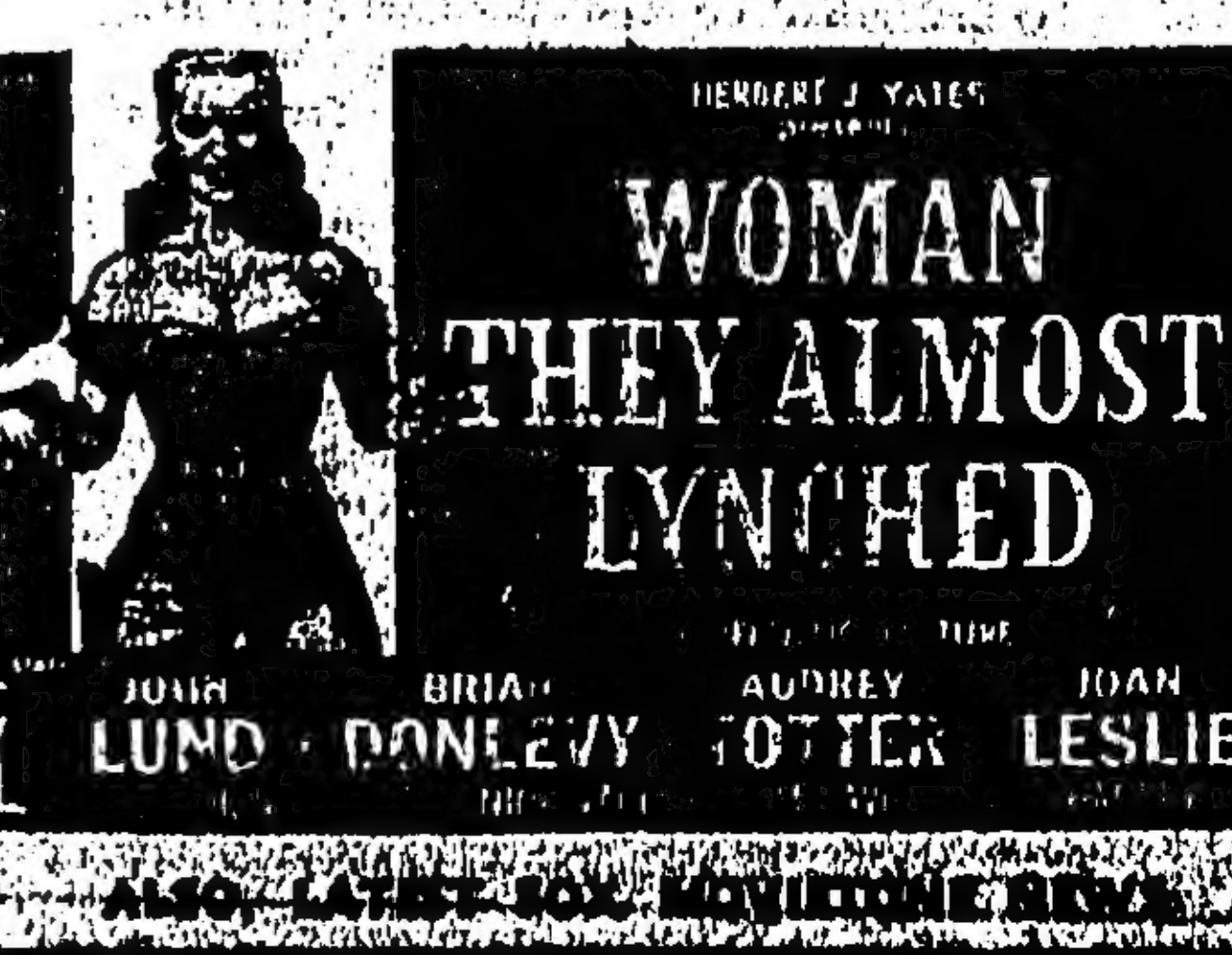
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

**TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW**

At 12.30 p.m.

**WALT DISNEY'S**
**TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. &amp; 40 Cts.

**ON OUR NEW WIDE SCREEN 宽银幕全形**




Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# HK's New Military Chief Holds A Unique Army Record

Bad Oeynhausen, Germany. Major-General Cecil Stanway Sugden, recently appointed Commander of British forces in Hongkong, is one of the Army's top "back room" brains, with the unique record of having held every rank in the War Office Military Operations and Planning Directorate from Captain to Major-General.

As one of the senior Army staff officers he took part during the war in the planning of some of the most important wartime military operations including the North African landings and the Italian and Normandy invasions.

## Floating HQ For UN Suggested

Durban. Mr Conrad Norton, Press Officer to the South African Permanent Delegation to the United Nations, who is back in South Africa on vacation, says that UN should have a floating headquarters — a ship roughly the size of the Queen Mary. It is now conceded by experts and laymen alike, he says, that it was a mistake to have established it in the very heart of the world's most raucous and temperamental city—New York—a place where statesmen are expected to deliberate calmly and objectively on matters which can change the course of history.

Everyone, says Mr Norton, has his pet solution and his is the floating headquarters. With the world statesmen and their staffs on board, the ship would sail each year at the time of the UN General Assembly to a different member country, anchor outside one of the principal ports and there deliberations would be conducted.

To the countries the ship visits the UN would become a visible reality. To the UN statesmen there would be the much-needed opportunity of seeing at first hand some of the problems which at the moment they are attempting to solve "within the unrealistic glass vacuum in New York." "If it seems impractical," says Mr Norton, "it is nevertheless not much more unrealistic than the UN itself struggling to achieve its high ideals in a divided and antagonistic world." —United Press.

## BILL OF FIRE

Waltham, Mass. Firemen usually have to settle for coffee and doughnuts as "refreshments" while fighting big fires, but while battling a \$500,000 blaze here they were served by Civil Defence mobile feeding units with: tomato bisque, lobster salad sandwiches, cake (three kinds), chicken salad, baked ham, assorted cheeses, cookies, doughnuts, milk, coffee.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"You were very pretty when you wore young mother's—  
—even more outlandish clothes they were then!"

## TV In A Soviet Home



A Russian family, and their pet dog, seen enjoying a State television programme in the lounge of their Leningrad home. Until very recently, intimate pictures of life in Russia, seldom, if ever reached the outside world. Photographs of family life in Russia now released, show that, now the shroud of mystery is being lifted, the ordinary Soviet family is, after all, no different from the ordinary family outside the Iron Curtain.—London Express.

## Prospecting Is The Life For Her

Edmonton.

Most women look forward to the warm months of the year as an invitation to the garden, or to the nearest beach, but a young Edmonton woman is anxiously waiting for summer and her return to the British Columbia mountains as a prospector.

Mrs. Thelma Sittler, formerly Miss Thelma Aslin, received a nurse's certificate at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal but found a lifetime of adventure and beauty in British Columbia last summer when she accompanied her husband on a prospecting trip.

Before departing on the journey, Thelma applied for a prospector's licence and became

the first woman to receive a licence from the prospector's branch of the Chamber of Mines at Edmonton.

## How's This For A Delicacy?

Prince George, B.C. Patrons at the Bluebird Cafe here would not be particularly surprised to find "bear feet" or "boiled owl" listed on the menu.

Mrs. Margaret White, owner of the cafe, has the recipe for making the Eskimo delicacies.

The Eskimo cook book is published by the Alaska Crippled Children's Association, Anchorage. Recipes were contributed by the Shishmaref school at Shishmaref, Alaska.

The recipe includes directions for making Eskimo ice cream from reindeer tallow and seal oil; parmanian small intestines; soured seal liver, walrus stew and caribou with gravy.

The ice cream recipe goes as follows: "Grate reindeer tallow into small pieces. Add seal oil slowly while beating with hand. After some seal oil has been used, then add a little water while whipping. Continue adding seal oil and water until white and fluffy. Any berries can be added."—United Press.

## Say That Again

Fort Worth, Tex. A woman left a roll of film at Ray Neighbour's drug store with specific developing instructions.

She wanted "one print of each, except the third and sixth pictures," but "if the baby is smiling in those, I want three prints from each of the two." —United Press.

## NIGHT ROOST

West Warwick, R.I. West Warwick police have locked up many bad eggs, but a chicken only once. The chicken was found wandering around a city street. "Police put it in a cell for the night." —United Press.

## Awakening To The Needs Of Tourists

Lisbon. The Portuguese government is overhauling out-moded legislation and building new inns and hotels in a comprehensive programme to handle the yearly increasing influx of tourists.

The record 170,000 tourists arriving in this South western-most European country last year more than tripled the 1949 total, putting a strain on facilities in some areas.

The newly announced programme includes the building of half a dozen more government-run pousadas or wayside inns, increasing tourist information services abroad and giving government support to the hotel industry. A statute to replace the current legislation of the National Assembly.

"The possibilities for extensive development of the tourist industry in Portugal are large," Dr Jose Manuel Costa, Director-General of Information and Tourism said in outlining the new programme. He said he would also like to see tourism expanded in the Portuguese island of Madeira and the Azores, in the Atlantic.

**MORE ACCOMMODATION** The accommodation problem would be met in part by three or four new hotels, including a big one in Lisbon. The regional pousadas spotted strategically on highways throughout the country have proved so popular their numbers will be doubled to around a dozen.

The tourist influx into Portugal in the past five years reads like this: 1949: 55,400; 1950: 76,307; 1951: 88,076; 1952: 110,011; 1953: 173,247.

This year an even greater number is expected.

**THE ATTRACTIONS** Led by Americans, French and Germans of late, the increase may be accounted for by the natural beauty of this unusually sunny seaside nation, the relatively low cost of living, the world-famous shrine of Fatima, tourist-rate airplane flights and good roads. The people are friendly to tourists.

Outside of Spain and a few other countries, money goes farther here than in the rest of Europe. Accounts of "living like a king on three dollars a day" are very wide of the mark, but a good meal can be had from 30 to 50 escudos, with wine, coffee and service included. Although manufactured goods are apt to be expensive, handicraft goods are cheap.

On the exchange marts of Lisbon you get a little less than 20 escudos to the US dollar and nearly 80 to the English pound sterling.—United Press.

## EXPERIMENT FAILED

Geneva, N.Y. A motorist, learning that Seneca Lake never froze, filled his car radiator with the lake water. The "anti-freeze" water didn't work and he paid \$75 in repair bills. It was explained the reason Seneca Lake doesn't freeze over is because of its great depth.—United Press.

## Tennis Basketball

Saco, Me. Tom Winston has invented a game he calls tennis basketball. He and friends are manufacturing the miniature basket, net and backboard which—along with an ordinary tennis ball—are all the equipment needed. The single basket is hung seven feet above the floor. Rules are similar to basketball regulations.—United Press.

## P.E. 80 Years Ago

Carbondale, Ill. The physical education course at Southern Illinois University has come a long way from its founding in 1874. The first university catalogue listed the purpose of the course as "to give grace and symmetry to the frame, and volume and culture to the voice."—United Press.

CinemaScope Wins Special Academy Award!



ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject "DANCERS OF THE DEEP" in Technicolor

Photographed in the WONDERLAND OF SILVER SPRINGS WATCH FOR IT!!

# \$20-Million A Year Plan To Develop US Culture

New York.

A \$20,000,000-a-year plan to promote US culture — opera, music, art, drama, ballet, literature, etc.—is lost in Congress under the weightier problems of H-bombs, defence and economy.

The proposal by New Jersey Democrat Charles Howell in the House of Representatives would set up a National War Memorial Arts Commission to spend money on art and culture projects here, give scholarships to artists in the various fields and even arrange — through the Secretary of State — for foreign exchange of travelling opera and dramatic companies.

No one gives the Howell bill much chance to pass. But he has revived an argument that disturbs one segment of the public every now and then: the fact that the US Federal Government gives no aid to cultural projects, provides no subsidies for budding artists and leaves all such efforts in the hands of private and usually commercial organizations.

Howell can expect much argument if his bill ever reaches the debate stage. During the depression years, the Roosevelt administration was long denounced for sponsoring federal art and theatre projects. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is still criticised for her activities then and during the war in sponsoring, with federal aid at times, various individuals in the art field. US moods have never agreed with the European principle that the government should share and assist in the development of art and culture.

Howell's bill is the most detailed proposal ever offered to Congress about art and culture. He even envisioned setting up a cabinet-rank "Department of Education and Arts."

Perhaps to counter in advance some of the many objections certain to be raised, Howell has provided that the plan must encourage the development of a strong American theatrical and operatic art through maximum use of the English language.

**ONE CONDITION** He spells out his meaning as a requirement that all productions or programmes sponsored by the fine arts commission "with the exception of performances by visiting foreign companies, shall be presented in the English language to the maximum extent practicable."

## New Use For Infra-Red Lamp

Schenectady, N.Y. The infra-red heat lamp, a well-known aid to aching muscles, is now helping cure "sick" television receivers.

The new use of the heat lamp was reported to the General Electric Co. by a TV repairman, Maynard Kuljian of Laguna Beach, Calif. He said some set malfunctions don't show up when the receiver is being worked on in the service shop, since the chassis runs cooler out of its cabinet. Kuljian's solution is to use the infra-red lamp to warm up a suspected ailing condenser or resistor.—United Press.

ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!"  
"HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!"

CLAUDE RAINS MARTA TOREN

PARIS EX-111

CLAUDE RAINS MARTA TOREN

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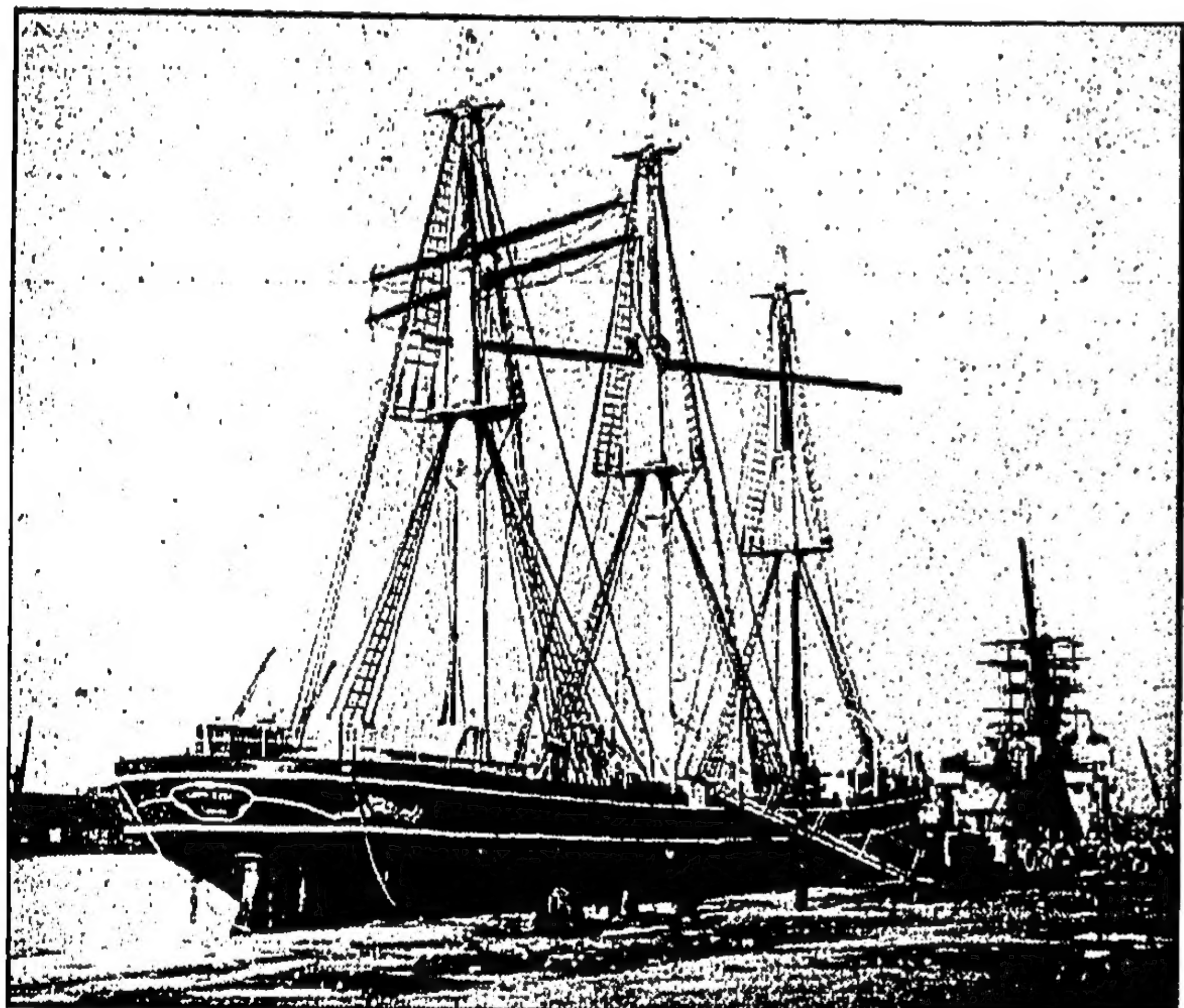


PRINCESS Marie Louise (right), grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, at a dress show and sherry party organised by the Forum Club of London. Philippa Cummings, daughter of Lady Gordon Cummings, is modelling a sequin-embroidered evening gown called "Shimmering Ice." (Express).



LEFT: Mrs. Nat "King" Cole, wife of the American singer now appearing at the London Palladium. Although her husband has achieved fame with soaring record sales throughout the world, Mrs. Cole is content to be just a wife. (Express).

RIGHT: Ciro's, in Orange Street, one of London's oldest and most fashionable night clubs, has closed down. For over 40 years, it was the haunt of royalty. Picture shows the last couple at the last table on the last night being served by the restaurant manager, Cazani. (Express).



WORK has begun on the reconditioning of the famous tea clipper, Cutty Sark, at present berthed at London's East India Dock, from which she sailed many times at the height of her long career. Later she will be completely overhauled at Greenwich. (Express).



BICYCLES - UPON - AVON as the old town is suddenly gay with "the unmatched form and figure of blown youth." Shakespearean young people nowadays get around by bicycle. The picture on the left shows the scene at the entrance of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre before rehearsal time. Barbara Jefford, 23, who is playing Desdemona in "Othello," is the one in the darker coat. (Express).

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, attended the service of rededication of the Temple Church, London. Seen with her after the service is the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher. (Express).



A scene from the Sadler's Wells production of Bizet's opera, "The Pearl Fishers." The setting of the opera is Ceylon, and local colour is provided by the picturesque costumes designed by Walter Göetz and the decor by John Piper. Here is Johaar Mosaval surrounded by the corps de ballet. (Express).



ERNEST Camlin, 30-year-old Belfast businessman, has started a search for history under the waters of Ireland's Lough Neagh, Britain's largest inland sea. There are legends of underwater villages, naval battles and centuries of war connected with the lough. In frogman equipment, he plans to uncover its secrets. (Express).



J. B. Priestley's latest play, "The White Countess," was taken off after only five performances at the Saville Theatre, London. Critics were almost unanimous in condemning it. Picture is of Viveca Lindfors, the Swedish-American actress who starred in it, removing make-up after the last performance. (Express).



AFTER three years fighting bandits in the jungles of Malaya, the 1st Bn, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, returned home to Maidstone to be honoured with a civic welcome. At the invitation of the Mayor and Corporation, the Battalion exercised their privilege of marching through the town with bayonets fixed, colours flying and bands playing. (Army News).

### NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK  
MAGIC  
PLAIN  
CHOCOLATES



## HE'S THE COMMIE SABOTEUR IN CHIEF

By  
Colin Lawson

Berlin.  
IS a German Communist the man responsible for shipping fires and sabotage the world over?

An official report from the West German Ministry for All-German Affairs, just published, says yes.

It names 55-year-old Ernst Wollweber, already regarded by the Kremlin as the foremost expert in sabotage when World War II broke out.

It adds that Hitler was desperately anxious for Wollweber to be captured.

Wollweber, heavy-jowled, narrow-eyed, now sits in a vast office in Communist East Berlin, guarded permanently by a company of German troops.

He turned Communist at the age of 17, worked in Hamburg's dockyards, was first suspected of sabotage during the 1920's.

### ARRESTED

Later he became Secretary of the Comintern's Seamen's and Harbour Workers' Internationale.

In 1933 he fled to Copenhagen and became leader of the Western Bureau of the Comintern.

A Dutchman convicted of sabotage in Rotterdam gave Wollweber's name as head of the sabotage ring.

And, the West German report claims, other saboteurs subsequently arrested in Holland, Norway and Sweden confirmed this.

It names him as the man behind eleven explosions in Italian, Japanese and German ships taking war goods to France in the Spanish civil war, and at least another 100 sabotage acts before 1940.

One thing is certain. Wollweber was arrested in Sweden in 1940 and sentenced to three years for sabotaging a ship loaded with supplies for Germany.

Hitler's demand to have him delivered was refused. In stepped the Russians. He was a Soviet citizen, they said, and in 1943 Wollweber was handed over to them.

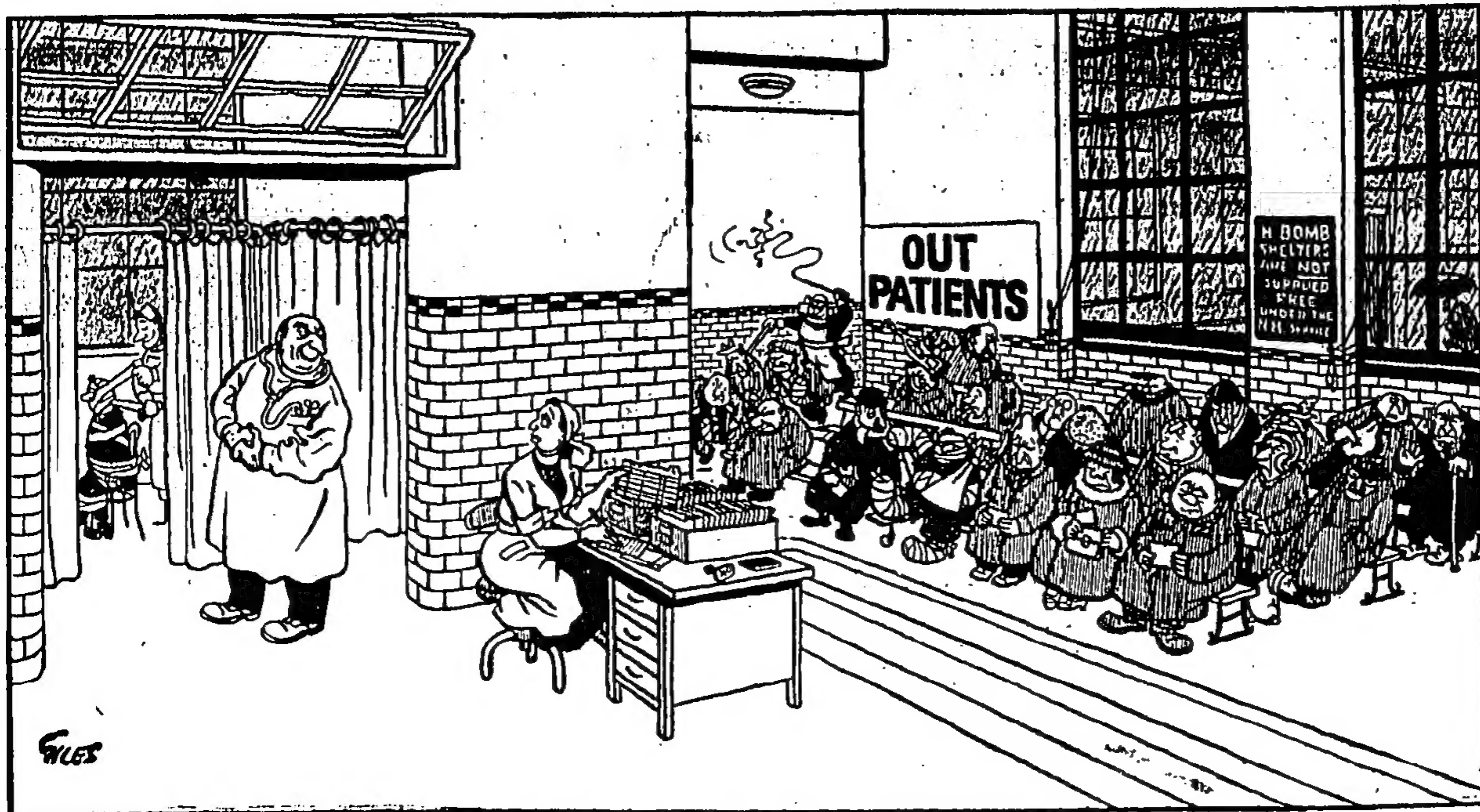
### INCIDENTS

He went to Moscow, returned in 1946 as head of the East Germany Shipping Ministry. Last year he succeeded in purging Wilhelm Zaisser, Berlin's friend, as head of the Red Secret Police, with agents all over Western Europe.

The report says that Wollweber has taught his sabotage methods to Communist cadres. They in turn passed his lessons on to their own cells.

Without comment the report lists these incidents in 1953: Empress of India burnt out; fire in the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary; the SS Ribena burnt out in Hull; aircraft carriers Triumph and Warrior damaged; explosion in the Indomitable; damage in the destroyer Duchess and aircraft carrier Centaur; refrigerator ship, Antarctic Ocean, burnt out in Hamburg; Kronprinz Frederik damaged in Harwich; explosion in the U.S. aircraft carrier Bennington; wharfs and dockyard installations in Lubbeck destroyed by fire—sabotage officially suspected.

"Dozens more minor incidents occurred in various German ports," the report states.



"I think I'll tell 'em they're all radio-active—just for fun."

London Express Service

## THE GIRL WHO MAKES ME BLUSH — FOR YOU ALL

By Milton Shulman

THE House of Commons is littered with would-be Prime Ministers whose past is their only future.

Overpraised when they were young they have not fulfilled their early promise. Now they have only their yellow press cuttings to keep them warm.

Behind the footlights, too, can be found these victims of premature publicity. Puffed up beyond their abilities these figures of stage and screen also have to spend the rest of their days listening to the hiss of their delatating egos.

At the moment there is going on one of the most ruthless and gigantic build-ups of a personality I have witnessed for a very long time. It is over a girl called Audrey Hepburn.

And it is a name that's beginning to make me blush for all the adulation people seem to be giving her.

The Sunday Express, which was one of the first newspapers to blaze her story before the world, should be the first to step back. For over-praise can encourage a standard of judgment and taste that is harmful both to those who are applauded and those who applaud.

### Elfin-like

I REMEMBER how the Hepburn story first began. It was a revue... called "Sauce Piquant." Its only saving feature was the vivacious, elfin-like creature

in the chorus second from the right.

She had no lines to say, no part to play. But with her infectious grin and her bounding enthusiasm she actually looked as if she was enjoying herself.

I found her name in the programme—Audrey Hepburn—and made a mental note to look out for her next appearance.

Less than four years later—Audrey Hepburn has been honoured by the two most important awards in show business. The Americans have given her the Oscar as the best film actress of the year, and the British Film Academy has acclaimed her the best British actress of the year.

### On Broadway

HER face has recently been seen on the covers of such influential magazines as Time, Look, and Life—a unique distinction normally reserved for people like Winston Churchill, Einstein, Malenkov, and McCarthy.

Nations are most eager to claim her as their own. Being born of a Dutch mother and an Anglo-Irish father three countries are already battling it out.

Now a French magazine, Paris Match, digging up one of Audrey's grandfathers who was born in Paris, headlines her as a "French ingenue." No doubt the

Americans will soon be making their genealogical claim.

What is the basis for all this adulation and esteem?

Almost embarrassingly little. One role as a sad but charming princess in the film "Roman Holiday" has been enough to skyrocket her into those stratospheric publicity regions where adjectives lose their balance and comparisons lose their sense of proportion.

### Shaky thrones

SHE has, indeed, supplemented this single achievement with two performances on Broadway as a gauche young thing in "Gigi" and a water-spirit in "Ondine." Both times she was praised for her ethereal charm.

Except for this ability to exude an impish, waif-like quality, there is no evidence that Audrey Hepburn can do anything else.

Yet this has not hampered the word-tinsellers from lifting her into the exalted company of such proven actresses as Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, and Ingrid Bergman.

Of course, this surfeit of praise for minor achievements is one of the occupational hazards facing all actors. How quickly these comets turn to ash!

Around us everywhere similar pretty faces are being given the Audrey Hepburn treatment—Dorothy Tutin, Pier Angeli, Claire Bloom, Marilyn Monroe. Some have

acting ability; some have less subtle talents.

But if we look back a few years we can remember a host of yesterday's girls of tomorrow—Linda Darnell, Shelley Winters, Jean Simmons, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor. Young as they are, they are being pushed aside by younger applicants to their cushy, but shaky, thrones.

It is, however, not only in the world of entertainment that this passion for over-praising promise, instead of waiting for real achievement, exists. Politicians like Robert Boothby and Harold Wilson, poets like Stephen Spender, composers like Benjamin Britten, cricketers like Freddie Trueman, jockeys like Lester Piggott, writers like Peter Ustinov and Noel Coward, have been burdened throughout their careers by the necessity of having to live up to their reputations as precocious geniuses.

### Soon 'stale'

EVEN Winston Churchill suffered from the lavish publicity he received as a young man. He was expected to do too much too soon. His early failures were probably responsible for his many years in the political wilderness when his mature wisdom might have saved the nation so much blood and pain.

And with a growing literate population and the vast powers of modern means of communication, more and more frantic methods are being used to swell new personalities into pseudo-significance. A fresh name is still before it has had time to justify itself.

The hysterical methods of the boosters have now be-

come the stock-in-trade of responsible newspapers, staid book publishers, popular magazines.

We live in a world where shouting is the only way of being heard.

Not least to be blamed are those people who are eager to be taken in by every noisy stunt and unable to distinguish between gilt and gold.

Audrey Hepburn herself is only a tiny feather being puffed about by gigantic publicity wind-machines. Where she will settle only time will tell.

But if we are to save the young from the aching void of disappointing promise, then those who guide and those who follow should show some judgment and restraint about praise that will probably stifle more talent than it will stimulate.



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Accidents sometimes happen—but with Parker's Royal Blue Washable Quink there's no cause for alarm. Soap and water wash out every trace from clothing and fingers. Where caution counts, always use Royal Blue Washable Quink. For permanence, use Parker's Permanent Quink. All Quink, Washable and Permanent, contains Solu-X which cleans and protects your pen as you write. Quink can be used in any pen.



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DATO

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value — not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. Better still, instead of wearing out — as a "staff" does — this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



Sole Agents:—  
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**ETERNA**

## THE DOCTORS FIND A CURE — IN GAOL

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

A HOME OFFICE experiment in which healthy criminals are being treated like hospital patients, instead of being locked up in cells, is to be expanded.

Out of 108 men treated psychologically at Wakefield (Yorkshire) Gaol and then released, only six have since returned to prison. It was revealed at a medical meeting in London. About 80 percent of "untreated" prisoners return to gaol.

Prison medical officers believe that psychological treatment is so promising that a special medical centre should be built for criminals. But they fear they might have difficulty in getting enough patients to fill it.

Most of the prisoners in British gaols would rather rough it behind bars than be treated in comfort as mentally sick people, it seems.

At Wormwood Scrubs Gaol a special ward for criminals selected for psychological treatment has been set up in the grounds of the prison hospital. "It gives the offender the status of a sick person and protects him from the unfavourable attention of his fellows" not receiving this treatment," Dr John Mackwood, a former psychotherapist at Wormwood Scrubs, said.

The men chosen for treatment are selected after an intelligence quiz and other tests. Usually they have to convince a doctor that they are genuinely worried about their drift into crime.

Dr Mackwood gave this extra reason for urging more humane treatment of some criminals: "It is not fully recognised how many come to prison for behaviour that is common in the homes of a large section of the community."

9 x 8 = ?

★ CAN YOU, madam, say off-hand how many hundred-weights there are in a ton, what is nine multiplied by eight, and 63 divided by seven? You are somewhat exceptional if you can, for out of two dozen women, I questioned only four gave the right answers. Among those who got them wrong were career women, extensively educated housewives, secretaries, and writers. The wives all insisted that they were never short-changed, but they were.

In difficulties with the house-keeping arithmetic, or incapable of working out exactly what their husbands owed them.

### SPLIT-MIND TEST

★ A PROMISING advance in the search for the cause of the mental disorder schizophrenia (split mind) is claimed by Canadian doctors.

They have found a substance, adrenochrome, which is believed to occur in the human body and causes vivid hallucinations. After testing the drug on himself and his wife, Dr Humphrey Osmond, of Saskatchewan Hospital, believes that schizophrenics may be simply those unfortunate people whose bodies produce too much of it. While being driven under the influence of adrenochrome, Dr

Osmond saw a pedestrian walk in front of the car. "I thought we might run him down and watched with detached curiosity, for I had no concern for the victim," he reports.

### SO PAMPERED

★ THE WORLD'S most pampered pets are not in the drawing rooms of Kensington but in the jungles of British Guiana, explorer Nicholas Guppy claims.

Dogs kept by the Walwadi Indians sleep in woven hammocks, are washed three times a day and, except when hunting, are carried everywhere.

Purpose of this pampering is to encourage them to warn of the approach of evil spirits. When allowed to hunt, the dogs—which are like super-alim foxhounds—are so courageous that they will attack a jaguar.



# A GUINNESS BUYS A 2-IN-1 HOUSE

By EVELYN IRONS

New York. The answer is that Loe Guinness took his father's advice. He is not domiciled in this country.

Although Who's Who gives his address as Laurence, Switzerland, Loe Guinness has spent much of his life in America, and moves about from country to country. So did his father, the late Benjamin Guinness, who went to America in the 'nineties, and became a prominent international banker and financier.

He was chairman of the British and Foreign Trust, and a director of many American companies, but he retired from his American interests in 1929. He continued, however, to maintain a home in New York, and others in Switzerland, France and London.

Before he died in 1947, he made his son his sole heir.

Mr Lambert's second wife, Mrs Grace Lambert, wanted to live on the sea. Mr Lambert wanted to be on Lake Worth. So they chose a site down towards Delray, at Boynton Beach, where the area between ocean and lake was so narrow as to overlook both. There was, however, an obstacle: the main road to Miami ran through the middle.

## The Twins

The Lamberts' architect, Mr Marion Sims Weyth, of Palm Beach and New York, got over the difficulty by designing a remarkable "cottage" in two parts.

On the ocean side is a classical-style house with fluted pillars and a wide terrace overlooking the private beach.

On the other side of the road is another house with a handsome loggia and swimming pool overlooking the lake.

Under the road connecting the twin "cottages," runs a long room with three feet of insulation between its ceiling and the highway.

So silent is this room under the road that Noel Coward, a friend of the Lamberts, suggested they should make it their music room; they installed an organ and a piano there. Lambert plays both instruments well. He also enjoys playing the harmonica.

Each of the twin sides of Gemini has a large living-room, dining-room, big bedrooms with bathrooms, kitchen and servants' rooms. Every servant's room has a private bath.

The Lamberts had two staffs of servants, white on the ocean side and colored on the lake side, which is the larger of the two houses. Guests usually stayed in the lakeside house.

Both Mr and Mrs Lambert are amateur artists, and Gemini housed their fine art collection.

## News Spread

In the world of advertising, Lambert is known as the man who gave a word to everyday language: "happenings." On it he based what was then a revolutionary campaign for popularising mouthwash.

But publicity he did not relish was the news that soon spread of his house with two fronts, although both are concealed from the road. Plagued by streams of tourists hoping to see over it, the Lamberts decided to sell.

How does it happen that the buyer has found, able to lay his hands on \$225,000 dollars, is a British subject?

## POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



# START READING TODAY...

## The NEW exploits of SHERLOCK HOLMES

"YOUR conclusions are perfectly correct, my dear Watson," remarked my friend, Sherlock Holmes. "Squalor and poverty are the natural matrix to crimes of violence."

"Precisely so," I agreed. "Indeed, I was just thinking — I broke off to stare at him in amazement. 'Good heavens, Holmes,' I cried, 'this is too much. How could you possibly know my innermost thoughts?'"

My friend leant back in his chair and, placing his fingertips together, surveyed me from under his heavy drooping eyelids.

"I would do better justice perhaps to my limited powers by refusing to answer your question," he said, with a dry chuckle. "You have a certain flair, Watson, for concealing your failure to perceive the obvious by the cavalier manner in which you invariably accept the explanation of a sequence of simple but logical reasoning."

"I do not see how logical reasoning can enable you to follow the course of my mental processes," I retorted, a trifle nettled by his superior manner. "There was no great difficulty. I have been watching you for the last few minutes. The expression on your face was quite vacant until, as your eyes roved around the room, they fell on the bookcase and came to rest on Hugo's 'Les Miserables' which made so deep an impression upon you when you read it last year."

"You became thoughtful, your eyes narrowed. It was obvious that your mind was drifting again into that tremendous, dreadful saga of human suffering, at length your gaze lifted to the window with its aspect of snowflakes and grey sky and bleak frozen roofs, and then, moving slowly on to the mantelpiece, settled on the back-knife with which I skewer my unanswered correspondence."

"The change from your face to the bookcase and back to the window, the winter cold of poverty in the slums and above the warm glow of our own modest fire, the bare existence as a half-pay ex-Army surgeon into the state of wedded bliss had not been accomplished without some uncalculated and ironic comments from Sherlock Holmes but, as my wife and I

# THEY SOLD SALVATION TO BRITAIN

By J. W. Taylor

London. His first move was to buy four pews in a church of the then dissolute city of Chicago, talk passersby into going inside and "stocking the pews with sinners." He would rent and turn the largest house in a poverty-stricken American district into a Sunday school.

By 23 he was locally famous, and when he had saved \$3,000 he built a church with it—this from the orphan son of a Massachusetts farmer obliged to

Then in 1870 he ran into Ira D. Sankey, the revenue collector of pleasing and natural voice. He promptly bade Sankey give up all and join him. They laboured together for three years, converting thousands before invading Britain.



Billy Graham as he appears to an estimated 3,000,000 British TV viewers. (Express)

pasture livestock for a mere halfpenny a day at the tender age of six.

Moody's methods made strong men ashamed of their sins, and his personality was so vital that he numbered his converts by the hundred thousand. He literally sold salvation to millions during his long, soul-saving career, in which he travelled a million miles, often made 200 calls on people a day, addressed over a hundred million people and personally prayed and pleaded with 750,000 "saved" sinners, making converts out of old soldiers, gutter-snipes, thieves and other degenerates.

He went to the American Civil War's hottest spots as a soldier of the Lord, braving flying bullets to succour the wounded and the dying. This finally decided for him that the Devil must really be stamped out through the medium of great revival meetings. They were an outstanding success.

# THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED WIDOW

could thank him for the fact that we had found each other, we could afford to accept his cynical attitude with tolerance and even understanding.

I had dropped in to our old lodgings on this afternoon, to be precise December 30, to pass a few hours with my friend and inquire whether any new case of interest had come his way since my previous visit. I had found him pale and listless, his dressing-gown drawn around his shoulders, and the room reeking with the smoke of his favourite black shag, through which the fire in the grate gleamed like a brazier in a fog.

"Nothing, save a few routine inquiries, Watson," he had replied in a voice shrill with complaint. "Creative art in crime seems to have become atrophied since I disposed of the late lamented Bert Stevens. Then, lapsing into silence, he curled himself up morosely in his armchair and not another word passed between us until my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the observation that commenced this narrative. As I rose to go, he looked at me critically.

"perceive, Watson," said he, "that you are already paying the price. The slovenly state of your left jawbone bears galling testimony that somebody has changed the position of your shaving mirror. Furthermore, you are indulging in extravagances."

"You do me a gross injustice," I retorted. "At the winter price of fivepence, a blossom. Your bitonhole tells me that you were sporting a flower not later than yesterday."

"This is the first time I have known you penurious, Holmes," I retorted with some bitterness. "He broke into a hearty laugh. 'My dear fellow, you must forgive me because a burst of unexpected mental energy tends to play upon my nerves. But hullo, what's this!'"

A HEAVY step was mounding the stairs. My friend waved me back into my chair.

"Stay a moment, Watson," said he. "It is Gregson, and the old game may be afoot once more."

"There is no mistaking that regulation tread. Too heavy for Lestrade's, yet too light for Mrs Hudson or she would accompany him. It is Gregson."

As he finished speaking there came a knock on the door and a figure muffled to the ears in a heavy coat entered the room. Our visitor tossed his bowler on the nearest chair and, unwinding the scarf wrapped around the lower part of his face, disclosed the flaxen hair and long pale features of the Scotland Yard detective.

"Ah, Gregson," greeted Holmes, with a slight glance in my direction. "It must be urgent business that brings you out in this inclement weather. But throw off your cape, man, and come over to the fire."

The police agent shook his head. "There is not a moment to lose," he replied, consulting a large silver turnip watch. "The train to Derbyshire leaves in half an hour and I have a hansom waiting below. Though the case should present no difficulties for an officer of my experience, nevertheless I shall be glad of your company."

"Something of interest?" "Murder," Mr Holmes, snapped Gregson curtly, "and a singular one at that to judge



A tall, stooping man held a candle at the door.

from the telegram from the local police. It appears that Lord Jocelyn Cope, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the County, has been found butchered at Arnsworth Castle. The Yard is quite capable of solving crimes of this nature, but in view of the curious terms contained in the police telegram, it occurred to me that you might wish to accompany me. Will you come?"

Holmes leaped forward, emptied the Persian slipper into his tobacco pouch and sprang to his feet.

"Give me a moment to pack a clean collar and toothbrush," he cried. "I have a spare one for you, Watson. No, my dear fellow, not a word. When would I be without your assistance? Scramble a note to your wife, and Mrs Hudson will have it delivered. We should be back tomorrow. Now, Gregson, I'm your man and you can fill in the details during our journey."

THE guard's flag was already waving as we rushed up the platform at St Pancras and tore open the door of the first empty smoker. Holmes brought three travelling rugs with him, and as the train roared its way through the fading winter daylight we made ourselves comfortable enough in our respective corners.

"Well, Gregson, I shall be interested to hear the details," remarked Holmes, his thin, eager face framed in the earflaps of his deerstalker and a spiral of blue smoke rising from his pipe. "I know nothing beyond what I have already told you."

"And yet you used the word 'singular' and referred to the telegram from the county police as 'curious.' Kindly explain."

"I used both terms for the same reason. The wire from the local inspector advised that the officer from Scotland Yard should read the Derbyshire County Guide and the Gazetteer. A most extraordinary suggestion!"

"I should say a wise one. What have you done about it?" "The Gazetteer states merely that Lord Jocelyn Cope is Deputy-Lieutenant and county magistrate, married, childless and noted for his bequests to local archaeological societies. As for the Guide, I have it here."

He drew a pamphlet from his pocket and thumbed over the pages.

"HERE we are," he continued. "Arnsworth Castle, built by Edward III. Fifteenth century stained glass window to celebrate Battle of Agincourt. Cope family penalised for suspected Catholic leanings by Royal Visitation, 1574. Museum open to public once a year. Contains large collection of martial and other relics including small gullotine built originally in Nimes during French Revolution for execution of a fraternal ancestor of the present owner. Never used owing to escape of intended victim and later purchased as relic by family after Napoleonic wars and brought to Arnsworth. Fashaw! That local inspector must be out of his senses, Mr Holmes. There is nothing to help us here."

"Let us reserve judgment. The man would not have made such a suggestion without reason. In the meantime, I would recommend to your attention the dusk now falling over

A closed carriage was standing before the station, and a moment later we had swung out of the yard and were bowling swiftly but silently up the village high street.

"There'll be accommodation for you at the Queen's Head," grunted Inspector Dawlish. "But first to the Castle. 'I shall be glad to hear the facts of this case,' stated Gregson, 'and the reason for the most irregular suggestion contained in your telegram.' 'The facts are simple enough,' replied the other, with a grim smile. 'His Lordship has been murdered and we know who did it.'"

"Ah!" "Captain Jasper Lothian, the murdered man's cousin, has disappeared in a hurry. It's common knowledge hereabouts that the man's got a touch of the devil in him, a hard hand with a bottle, a horse or the nearest

woman. It's come as a surprise to none of us that Captain Jasper should end by slaughtering his benefactor and the head of his house. Aye, head's a well-chosen word," he ended softly.

"If you've got a clear case, then what's this nonsense about a Guide book?" "Inspector Dawlish leaned forward while his voice sank almost to a whisper: 'You've read it?' he said. 'Then it may interest you to know that Lord Jocelyn Cope was put to death in his own ancestral gullotine.'"

His words left us in a chilled silence.

"What motive can you suggest for the murder and for the barbarous method employed?" asked Sherlock Holmes at last. "Probably a ferocious quarrel. Have I not told you already that Captain Jasper had a touch of the devil in him? But there's the Castle and a proper place it looks for deeds of violence and darkness."

We had turned off the country road to enter a gloomy avenue that climbed between banked snowdrifts up a barren moorland slope. On the crest loomed a great building its walls and towers stark and grey against the night sky. A few minutes later, our carriage rumbled under the arch of the outer bailey and halted in a courtyard.

At Inspector Dawlish's knock, a tall stooping man in butler's livery opened the massive oaken door and, holding a candle above his head, peered out at us, the light shining on his weary red-rimmed eyes and ill-nourished beard.

"What, four of you?" he cried querulously. "It bant right her ladyship should be bothered thisaways at such a time of grief to us all."

"That will do, Stephen. Where is her ladyship?" "The candle flame trembled, and there was something like a sob in the old voice. 'She hasn't moved. Still sitting there in the big chair and staring at him, as though she had fallen asleep with them wonderful eyes wide open.'"

"You've touched nothing, of course?" "Nothing. It's all as it was."

"What time do you go first to the museum when the crime was committed?" said Dawlish. "It is on the other side of the courtyard."

He was moving away towards a cleared path that ran across the cobbles when Holmes's hand closed upon his arm. "How is this?" he cried imperiously. "The museum is on the other side and yet you have allowed a carriage to drive across the courtyard and people to stampee over the ground like a herd of buffalo."

"What then?" Holmes lunged up his arms appealingly to the moon. "The snow, man, the snow! You have destroyed your best helpmate."

"But I tell you the murder was committed in the museum. What has the snow to do with it?"

Holmes gave vent to a most dismal groan and then we all followed the local detective across the yard to an arched doorway. I have seen many a grim spectacle during my association with Sherlock Holmes, but I can recall none to surpass in horror the sight that met our eyes within that grey Gothic chamber.

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The Adventure of "The Red Widow" will be continued on Monday

# SOLVE THIS—AND IT'S PEACE

By Charles Wintour

GERMANY is the problem of Europe. Solve it — then Europe, with Russia too, will at last be at peace. And many other matters will fall into line.

Of course, there has been a German problem for a century or more. Germany has always kept Europe in a state of disturbance. And twice in the past 50 years have the Germans invaded their neighbours.

Yet no solution has been found.

It may be said that the recent conference of Yalta, Potsdam, Berlin was an attempt to grapple with Germany. But the conditions there were right neither for any real discussion of the problem nor for an exploration of the possible solutions.

They might reasonably believe that while the talks were going on there was some hope of preserving the status quo in Germany.

And thus the Russians would gain a year or two.

But there is an alternative course of action they might take, a course which some experienced observers believe is still the most likely.

ONE CONDITION

The Russians might be ready to go a long way. They might offer a peace treaty for Austria, peace in Korea and peace in Indo-China. They might offer other concessions as well, even including a united Germany. But all that would be on one fixed condition. No arms for Germany.

Whether Russia adopts this policy, or not, the chief and paramount task before the world's statesmen remains the settlement of the German problem.

Caspar was the first to attempt a solution. Churchill, the most recent, and still the German try, and slow-motion discussion, problem remains unresolved.



# Petersen took a warning—and saved his sight

THEY throw a towel into the ring... gratefully, you drop your leadweight arms from sagging shoulders... your opponent, the man whose punches have half-blinded you, grins his sympathy as he puts your back... you grope in a red mist for your corner... and your dream of world dominion is over.

THE FIGHT THAT FINISHED THE CHAMPION

by GEORGE WHITING

They'll mend your eyes, and they'll pay you more big money, but you know in the heart that pumps so furiously that your bolt is shot.

It has happened a thousand times in boxing, and never more poignantly than to Jack Petersen, that this young son of Wales on whom, two decades ago, we were pinning world championship hopes in a flash of ill-proportioned fervour.

If only Walter Neusel, the original Blind Tiger from Germany, had not been permitted to seek redemption in a clinic, if only Petersen had kept his head, if only...

Today the fortynine, fresh-complexioned Petersen, clear-eyed and businesslike behind the counter of his sports shop in Barry, South Wales, will tell you that only in the fight game after their brains have become scrambled, their reflexes stunted, their ears thickened, and their eyes a mass of bumps and tissue.

He should know. For Jack Petersen is the one who got away.

Three times, Neusel slashed the left eyebrow, injured first by Len Harvey, and that was enough. Petersen retired at 20—on time to save his sight.

## NEMESIS

NEUSEL, big, tough-muscled and unsmiling, took up his role of Petersen's Nemesis at Wembley on the night of February 4, 1935 a night when even light-hardened ringers pleaded for the punching to be stopped when jubilation German rushed the ring, when a halting, unseeing, no longer handsome Petersen went out to pain-shot disaster in the 11th round.

Petersen was out heavy-weight champion with but one defeat in 22 bouts, we had seen in him a sure-fire "chop" for the world title held by "clowning" Max Baer, and we had made him a

corner at the end of each tremendous round of counter-punching. Apart from a swollen left ear, Neusel sat unmarked and unperturbed.

After seven rounds of sap-reducing body blows, Neusel switched his attention to the head. In the tenth a terrific right swing split Petersen's left eye, and Neusel, sensing victory, plastered the injury with ponderous swags as a red curtain descended on Petersen's vision.

All through the eleventh round blood poured from the cut. The sightless Petersen took everything—reeling under a rain of punches until his father, white with face and light of lip, thrust a sweat-soaked towel under the bottom rope in token of inevitable surrender.

"I lost because I was blinded by blood," said Petersen afterwards. "I could see nothing and was fighting like a blind man. My father, at the end of the tenth round, did all he could to stop my eye bleeding, but early in the eleventh Neusel's glove hit me a glancing blow and tore the wound open still more. I could not see, and, as far as I was concerned the fight was as good as over."

## CURTAIN

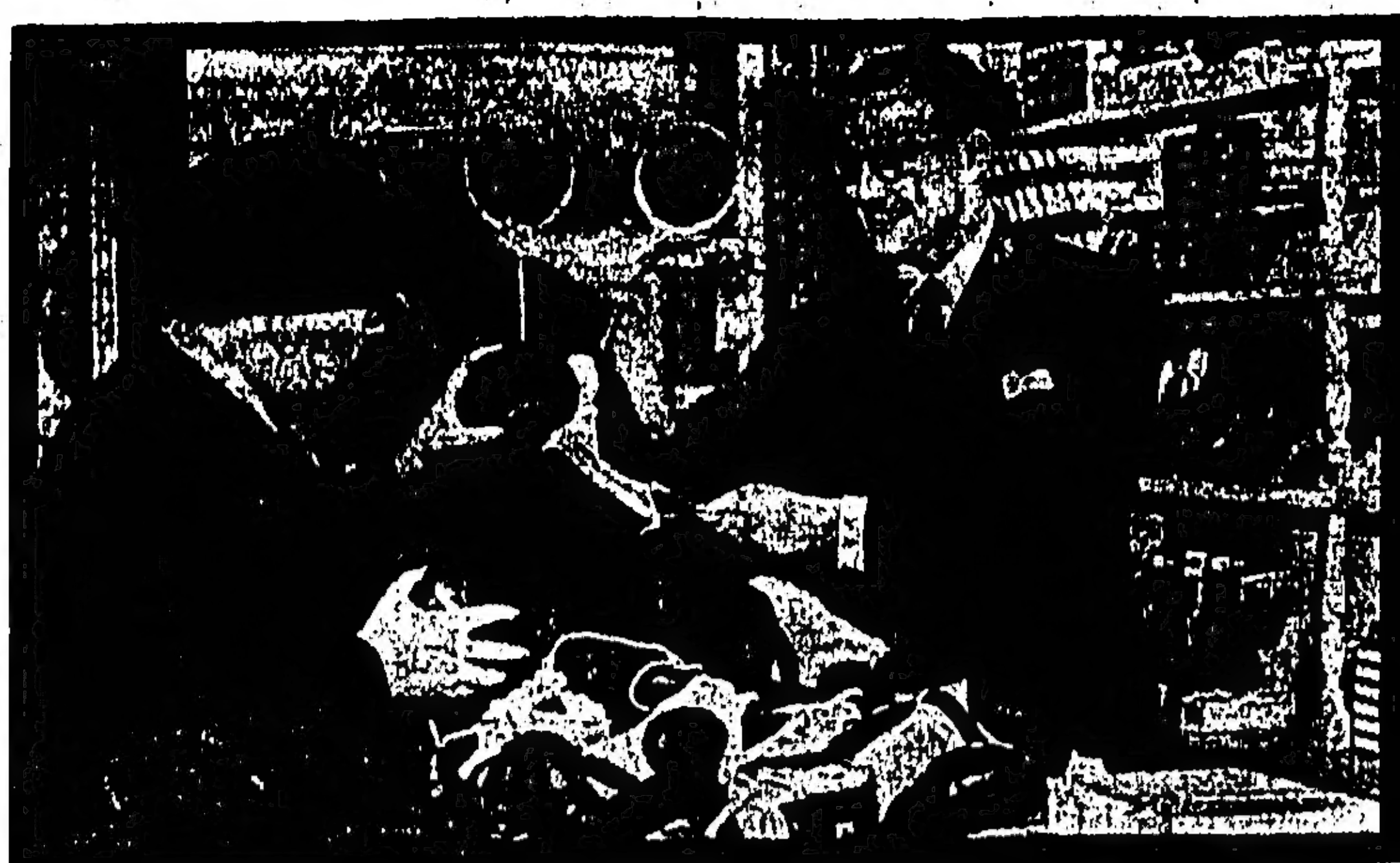
AFTER points wins over Len Harvey and Jack Clavay, the pride of Wales stumbled into a three-round thrashing from Ben Flood on the Leicester rugby ground. Finally, Neusel beat him again—and an eye specialist declared that, if he fought again, he might well spend the rest of his days in darkness.

And so the roar of the ring died down for fighter Petersen, the Welsh cruiserweight who three times thrust his punches at a German who was too strong for him. A new Petersen came to life—a prosperous business, who runs his own business, a broadcaster, an Army welfare officer, and a committee-man for the Army cadets of Glamorgan.

The crimson curtain lowered by Neusel served as a warning, and Petersen took heed of it. Just in time.

WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

Next Saturday:  
The man who sent  
Dempsey flying



PETERSEN TODAY... A prosperous businessman with a sports shop in Barry, South Wales.

# Chandeliers For The Comrades

By DAVID LAIDLAW

PRESS reports from behind the Iron Curtain indicate that the darkness of the Communist countries is soon to be tempered by a blaze of artificial light. On January 20, 1954, Lidova Demokraticke, organ of the Czechoslovak "People's Party," announced that 183 balls, carnivals and fancy-dress frolics are to be held in Czechoslovakia this year. Realising that for many years the Czechs have had little practice in these matters, the paper then defined the kind of entertainment the authorities are contemplating.

"The idea of a ball," it stated, "is always associated with the vision of something beautiful, when, under the brilliant effulgence emitted by crystal chandeliers, dancing couples whirl around to the strains of music. . . . A ball is a social event which should be regarded as something out of the ordinary; it is not a 'hop' where street-songs may be played and men wear vests instead of shirts. Nor is a ball designed for neck-breaking exhibitions of 'boogie-woogie'."

## Non-hop

After this little homily, Lidova Demokraticke went on to give some practical guidance. Premises on which the balls are

held will have a festive appearance and be suitably decorated. Programmes will consist chiefly of Strauss waltzes, mazurkas and other non-'hop'-style dances. Men must wear dark suits and women long dresses. And finally, social behaviour must be given a brush-up, since this "can no longer be ignored nowadays."

To help masters of ceremonies to cope with all these details, a Central Ball Committee of the Ministry of Culture was formed early in 1954. And to ease the financial strain it was announced that the current tax on dance entertainments will be cut by up to one-half when the festivities are arranged by Party organisations, such as agricultural co-operatives, the Youth Union, the Czechoslovak-Soviet Friendship Society, the Army, the Security Corps, and so on.

Dancing lessons and courses in "social manners" are also being organised. Finally, the Government, indifferent to the ghostly groans of the cloth-capped pioneers of Communism, is planning the publication of a new book on etiquette.

## The lead

In this energetic and unfamiliar drive for revelry, the Czechoslovak Communists are not, of course, acting wholly on their own initiative. The lead, as always, came from the Soviet Union where recently for the first time in Communist history there have been official parties in the Kremlin, rather than in the gloomier precincts of Trades Unions House. The Kremlin's George Hall, in which they took place, is still decorated with gilded inscriptions listing the names of the noblemen who received the Order of St George from the Czars.

At one of these parties, fan-fares were blown by children dressed in the scarlet and blue velvet uniforms of feudal heralds. On another occasion there was a fancy-dress ball in the Kremlin for students and

other young people, and among the masqueraders was a teenage boy dressed in the costume of a seventeenth-century Russian nobleman.

With festivities of this kind to guide them, the Czech leaders are quite safe ideologically in calling for evening dresses and mazurkas. And they are no doubt glad to be able to do so. The Moscow and Prague festivities are almost certainly part of the recent Communist move to try to divert people's minds from the everyday drabness of their lives. It is significant that the first of the satellite nations to be told to dance and sing should be one which has consistently shown its dissatisfaction with the Communist regime.

## Dressing-up

The timing of the order too is significant. The present winter has been especially severe in the satellite countries. Supplies of food, always inadequate, have shrunk dangerously; there has been a universal fuel famine, so that many people have had no heating at all; miners have been forced to work extra shifts; trains have been cancelled; and there has been a bad influenza epidemic. Czechoslovakia's President Zapezloky, broadcasting on February 5, described the weather conditions as "catastrophic." When the normal gloom of winter is accentuated by shortages of food, fuel and so on, even the most loyal spirits are liable to feel downcast. What better moment for dressing up and whirling around?

It is possible, however, that in the long run it may prove to have been a trifle tactless of the Kremlin to have chosen a time to announce these festivities which must inevitably recall the pre-Lenten carnival seasons of the days before Communism. The period of great penance was always celebrated with a good deal of boisterous abandon. Just how steady, one might ask, are these Communist chandeliers?

# Church Psychical Study Group

By LES ARMOUR

London. Chichester, Dr R. J. Campbell; famed writer and theologian Dr Leslie Weatherhead, and Oxford philosopher, Professor H. H. Price.

An official statement from President Cyril Atkinson says: "The Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study has been formed for the express purpose of studying the impressive body of evidence for personal survival after death—with its implications—and bringing the subject before Church members of all Christian denominations throughout the country."

It will set up its own research facilities, and it hopes to get the theological advice of most of the main denominations and the scientific advice of the best-equipped investigators in the country.

The body of evidence to which they refer is, certainly, "impressive," but it is also fragmentary. Information has been gleaned from carefully-controlled and scientifically supervised "séances" which could only come from persons officially "dead." But the old-fashioned "medium" is the only instrument of communication so far discovered—and there is always a large human element in the experiments.

The séance has been clouded further by "spiritualist" groups which have often resorted to exceedingly shabby tricks—easily exposed by the sceptics. It will take a lot of hard work to fill in the gaps and a lot more work to wash away the bad taste left by the tricksters.

Chichester, Dr R. J. Campbell; famed writer and theologian Dr Leslie Weatherhead, and Oxford philosopher, Professor H. H. Price.

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DE. 31. T \$900

2. The 5 cu. ft. refrigerator, which has been a family favourite for many years, has extra storage room, extra shelf area, a large freezer, a special plastic meat or fish chiller and a plastic salad bowl. It is automatically controlled. The cabinet interior is finished with a white enamel surface. Exterior, white enamel. Interfer, finished plastic-covered which is unscratchable.

DE. 51 \$1400

3. If you entertain on a large scale, this is the model for you. It has a still larger capacity than the previous two models. It has a 7 cu. ft. model with 24 sq. ft. of shelf space and a large freezer with two separate compartments for ice and frozen foods. There is a glass-covered plastic chiller for meat or fish, and a deep salad bowl for vegetables and fruit. The interior is finished with a white enamel surface. Exterior, white enamel. Interfer, finished plastic-covered which is unscratchable.

DE. 70. \$1550

4. Every mother has been anxious to ensure that the latest S.E.C. Refrigerator incorporates every advance in refrigeration and that could be achieved. An extra large freezer and frozen food locker, plastic chiller, two plastic salad bowls with special glass cover plates, plenty of room for even the largest bottle, a "lockdown" safety device which prevents the shelves and an extra square foot of shelf area.

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The Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association is entering another year in the war against tuberculosis. In this great work, the Colony is taking its part with many other nations, in the universal effort to stay the heavy wastage of human lives exacted by this grim scourge. Scientists, doctors and others specialising in the treatment of tuberculosis throughout the world have made great discoveries during the last few years, and the fruits of their labours are being made available to sufferers from this disease here in Hongkong, through The Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association.

Unfortunately, statistics show that the incidence of tuberculosis in Hongkong is more widespread than in most other parts of the world.

This grim fact does not dishearten the H.K.A.T.B.A. because it is constantly fortified in the knowledge that, from the generous support given by Government, charitably-minded bodies and merchant houses, down to the humble worker, it is obvious that there is a common sympathetic understanding that this is a work of mercy which must continue.

Cheques should be crossed and addressed:—  
"HONGKONG ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION"

Health and Happiness can be restored to many sufferers if you will

**GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE**

# YOU CAN'T JAM COMEDIANS IN A TUBE TRAIN

WHO SAYS SO? NOT THE FILM CENSORS BUT A BAND OF BLUE-PENCIL MEN WHO ARE CAGGING THE FILM-MAKERS

By JILL CRAIGIE

KISSING may not take place in horizontal postures! Married couples must sleep in twin beds!

Rub your eyes and read these two Puritan edicts again. They may sound incredible half-way through the twentieth century; but they are typical of the immaculate morality, which the late Mr Hays of Hollywood sought to enforce.

The American film censor office issue their decrees and we in Britain obey. If American distribution for a British film is at stake, it is hardly worth making an issue over a double bed. As for kissing, a variety of positions between vertical and horizontal may be discovered by the ingenious film director.

## GREAT JOKE

So the Hays Office code is a great joke, its latest rule always good for a laugh in film circles. But have we the right to be so smug? In fact, there operates in this country an unseen, insidious censorship which constitutes a more real threat to free expression than anything devised by the hidebound Hays Office.

Who then is the culprit? Not, let me hasten to add, our own British Board of Censors, with the enlighten-

ed Mr Watkins at their head. He is more concerned to protect children from unhealthy influences than to decide what is fit for adults. Our censorship stems from Whitehall, but it does not end there.

It is almost impossible to make a film on subjects of contemporary interest without "shooting" some of the material in its natural setting.

## ONE CONDITION

Films about life in the Forces, colonies, railways, airways, fire brigades, towns, industry, fun fairs and so forth all require facilities from the appropriate authorities.

Mostly we have been touched by the extraordinary helpfulness of people with no thought of personal gain. But the necessary facilities are granted on one condition. The script must be subject to the blue pencil of the Public Relations Officer. There must not be a breath of criticism about their respective institutions. There must not even be a joke at their expense.

A film set in the railways must show everything work-

ing to perfection. There must be no suggestion of draughts. Should a minor character in the story commit a theft, the authorities object because "it will give little confidence to members of the public who send valuable goods by train."

A slapstick comedian must not be temporarily jammed between the doors of a Tube train: the rush hour is never a scramble.

Suicide is taboo—indeed there is no end to the list.

If the authorities had their way, a film with a railway setting would make More's Utopia look like a tale of teasing troubles.

## THEY'RE TOUCHY

It is almost impossible to overcome some of the objections put up by the Colonial Office. Film audiences like stories set in remote parts of the world. In theory, so do the Colonial Office. But there is one major difficulty. The story must be uncontroversial.

In an age when the colonies are bristling with dramas and conflicts we are left with Maugham, Conrad and Kipling. We, on the other hand, are bound and gagged.

Great drama was never made out of colonialism. Film-makers have far greater freedom of expression in the land of MacCarthy than in Liberal Britain.

tion, but have even revealed a sense of humour.

A comedy debunking the redaction of air travel would be almost impossible to produce; but a love story about a pretty air hostess would receive unlimited co-operation.

The Home Office are touchy on the subject of probation officers and prisons. The Bank of England recently requested the withdrawal of posters showing a facsimile of a million-pound note. A story set around the fun fair at Blackpool was abandoned because one of the minor characters was a pickpocket.

## FRUSTRATING

The result of these petty restrictions is a frustrating list of still-born stories in British studios.

No film company expects co-operation from authorities whom it wishes to attack. But when British people can no longer take a joke at their own expense or a breath of criticism, it is time for a little soul-searching.

For the opposite is true of Americans. On the other side of the Atlantic, authorities provide facilities without taking responsibility for the finished product.

Americans may debunk their own institutions and frequently do so in films such as "From Here to Eternity," "The Snake Pit," "Crossfire," "Gentleman's Agreement," and many others. We, on the other hand, are bound and gagged.

Great drama was never made out of colonialism. Film-makers have far greater freedom of expression in the land of MacCarthy than in Liberal Britain.





## ANNE SCOTT-JAMES— in France . . . for

To Paris for a rendezvous with a European celebrity—France's Jacqueline Auriol, the world's most remarkable woman pilot. Below—the first interview Madame Auriol has ever given . . .

## I've never seen such blazing purpose in a woman . . .

WHEN you meet Jacqueline Auriol, the thing that hits you is her tremendous certainty. Behind the aura of her beauty, her good clothes, and her engaging charm you perceive a woman who has no doubts.

She moves quickly, talks fast, answers crisply and to the point. If she was ever a prey to the ditherings and hesitations that beset most women, then danger, exaltation, and pain have purged her of them now.

She has the same one-eyed singleness of purpose that marks men like Hunt of Everest. These people look neither right nor left, but crash straight on impelled by an intense conviction.

She knows where she wants to be—in the air.

She knows what she wants to do—to fly faster and better than anyone in the world.

Jacqueline Auriol, Knight of the Legion of Honour, is the fastest woman pilot in Europe. She is France's only woman test pilot. She has broken the sound barrier at 683 miles an hour. She is brilliant at the woman's jet speed record. She flies a helicopter. She flies all day and every day from early in the morning, testing top-secret military planes of every type.

"I am at Bretigny by 8, 7.30, 7, or whenever they want me," she told us, "and I am up and down all day, talking orders along with the other test pilots, all men."

### Her family

INTO this high-speed life—which believes me, is her real life—she slots the normal private life of the intelligent Frenchwoman.

She has two sons whom she loves, she reads widely, dresses well, skis at the week-ends, keeps one evening a week for the theatre or music.

Until January when her father-in-law, Vincent Auriol, retired from the presidency, she was the second lady in France, with many official duties.

But all this comes second to her vocation flying, from which she takes no holidays and few days off.

"Do you worry for your children when you are on particularly dangerous work?" I asked her. "Do you ever wonder if you have the right to take such constant risks?"



'I'm afraid my two boys worry about me'

"Of course not," with characteristic crispness, "flying is my job."

"But do they worry for you?"

"I am afraid they do. Jean Claude—he is 14—is getting old enough to worry. But he is a good pilot himself. He already flies solo, though he is, of course, too young to have a licence. And Jean Pierre can fly a bit too—he is 12."

While she talked, Jean Pierre trotted in with a message, grave and polite, and shook hands with us.

### Her crash

JACQUELINE AURIOL did not start flying until she was 30, when she learned to please her husband, who at first was keener than she.

But the flying bug soon got into her. She spent less and

less time dancing, dressing and going to parties, and more and more time in the air. She got her licence, took up aerobatics.

In 1940 (as passenger, not pilot) she had a tremendous crash. The pilot was scarcely scratched. Her instructor, Raymond Guillaume, broke some ribs. Jacqueline Auriol was carried out unconscious, with her face completely crushed.

For eight months she lay in hospital, living on milk and unable to speak. Two months later she flew again.

At this time she had no recognisable face, though the French surgeons were doing all they could. Her family implored her to give up.

But if she faltered (which I'm sure she didn't) she got new courage from Raymond Guillaume, who had another serious crash, was patched up and got

### TEST PILOT AND MOTHER

into the air again. If he could do it, so could she.

She went to America for more skilled plastic surgery. She had 22 facial operations in all. Between operations she learned to fly a helicopter, just as a sideline.

Now she is a good-looking woman again. Whether she has the same face I don't know, but it is a lovely and experienced face, dominated by highly intelligent eyes.

Talking to her, I thought I would go straight to the point.

"Are you ever, or always or never afraid?"

"Practically never. Only before a particularly testing flight, I just concentrate on what I have to do."

People who steepchase, or ski-race, or even ride hard to bounds, have often told me that they are sick with fear before every race even though they are at it day after day. But Jacqueline Auriol has grown too accustomed to danger to feel it, unless the dose is extra strong.

"Can you honestly say that you always love flying? Don't you sometimes wish to Heaven that you could take a day off or go to a party or do something else?"

"Of course not. Flying is my work, as writing is yours. Et vous aimez écrire, n'est-ce pas?" I shuddered. (There has never been a writer, from Balzac

to the village reporter who didn't put off the agony of getting the ink on the paper as long as he could.)

"No," I said. "I often loathe it."

She looked amazed—slightly contemptuous, I thought.

"How do you manage to run your home?" I asked: we were talking in a small, pretty room lined with books in her apartment on the Seine.

### Her chances

AND she—though she had been back for only half an hour—looked as chic and relaxed as though she had had nothing to do but fritter all day. She wore a full skirt striped in many colours, with a black top, no stockings, and coloured espadrilles.

"I have little bits of paper on which I make notes," she began but there wasn't any need for her to go on. Goodness, how I know those bits of paper one leaves about the home.

"We shall be four for supper," I quoted.

"We are nearly out of soap."

"The dining-room curtains MUST go to the cleaners."

Meat, onions, cheese, coffee."

These are the code messages that professional women all

over the world leave in special places to be found, they hope, by the right people when they arrive.

Then I asked her a question that a friend of mine had specially wanted to know. She is learning to fly a plane, but is slowed up by the lack of facilities and the great expense.

"What are the opportunities for women to learn to fly in France? In England, women have no chance unless they are well off, because neither the R.A.F. nor private industry seems to want them. Is it the same in France?"

"No, it's better here, because there is a subsidised scheme for the young. If you are under 21 there is every opportunity, for there are special clubs for both flying and gliding, and the cost is cheap. Over 21, I'm afraid you must pay for yourself."

I asked her one more question about her sons. "If they are flying already, they will probably have your absorbing passion for it later on. Do you think they will be professional pilots, too?"

"I hope not," she said.

"You hope not in spite of your own success and pleasure in flying?"

For the first time Jacqueline Auriol looked grave.

"No, I don't want them to be test pilots—it's so dangerous."

## RED HERTTA HAS COSTLY TASTES

By Martin Scott Saunders

Helsinki. Her hair is black—done up in a tight bun—but her countrymen know her as Red Hertta.

Her frilly-necked dresses are expensive yet she campaigns for the working class.

Russian speaking, she is an ex-school teacher who likes good liquor. With a ready laugh she is an intelligent speaker, seems human in comparison with most female Communist leaders.

Bouncing and energetic, she is a growing power in the Red hierarchy. Red Hertta is a woman to watch.

Interior In 1948 when he and the Russians tried to organise an armed Communist coup. The coup was a failure and he was dismissed with ignominy by the Finns and cast aside by the Russians.

Hertta dismissed him too. She divorced him, pleading that he drank too much.

Her party in Parliament, who masquerade as People's Democrats, have just won 43 seats (backed by 37,000 more votes than in the last election in 1951). More important, they hold the balance between the two main political parties, the Socialists and the Agrarians, who are constantly feuding.

### Unity Falters

Right now the farmers, are calling Socialist leader Karl - August Fagerholm (who, as a boy, once earned his keep by digging worms for bait) the "five headed hydra." And the farmers' chief, Urho (meaning hero) Kekkonen, onetime Finnish high-jump champion, backs them, saying he won't collaborate with Fagerholm "at any price."

Other leaders of the two parties just don't talk to each other.

This has caused national unity to falter for the first time since the Red Army first attacked Finland in 1939. And this, even though the Red Menace remains on Finland's doorstep.

Red Hertta has profited. Her Red followers have emerged stronger than ever through the mutual mid-slinging which has bespattered the democratic parties.

Finns live too close to Russia (ten minutes by taxi to the Soviet base outside Helsinki) to vote Communist lightly, as do many disgruntled Europeans further away from the Iron Curtain.

### Four Factors

So what has caused Hertta's triumph? Probably four factors:

Malenkov's mild tone since Stalin died.

Disappointment with the Eisenhower administration and McCarthyism.

Economic dependence on Russia.

Continued discord between the two main parties.

Red Hertta cannot yet bounce Finland into Russia's arms. But certainly Finland is not the same stalwart outpost of Western civilisation she used to be.

Finland is bound to Russia with a mutual aid pact, forced on her in 1948 at the time of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia.

Hertta's task, even if she cannot do more to make Finland turn red, will be to hold her country to the letter and spirit of that hated pact.

On her past record of fighting for Communism, Papa Kuusinen in the Kremlin must be proud of his little daughter.

Army flyers wanted, and the pay is as much as £3,000 a year. Yet they're hard to come by

## "CHOPPERS" COME INTO THEIR OWN

By William Courtenay

Korea. UNTIL the Army lays down a policy offering security of career to the pilots it desires to attract, it will not secure all the men required."

This was the chief reason given to me to explain why the U.S. Army cannot secure sufficient volunteers for their expanding helicopter units—and this despite the fact that pilots of the American Helicopter Companies in Korea are being paid at the rate of £2,000 to £3,000 per year.

★ ★ ★

There are two Helicopter Transportation Companies here—the 8th and 13th—and on June 15 last they were formed into the "First Transportation Army Aviation Battalion."

The records show the remarkable and diverse uses to which helicopters can be put to aid armies in the field.

Number 6 Company first went into action last March when the U.S. Third Division required supplies and foodstuffs, swept away the bridges along the line of communications. Some fourteen helicop-

ters went into action, carrying the supplies from stockpiles to battalion and even company command posts—and almost in full view of the Communist foe.

Indeed, one helicopter was struck by mortar fire!

"Operation Little Switch" followed, when 684 patients were evacuated by air from "Freedom Village" at Namsan to a U.S. Hospital at Yongdongpo below Seoul. This concerned the transportation of the first returning Allied prisoners.

One helicopter came to grief in this operation. It was carrying six walking-wounded cases when its engine failed at 200 feet. There was no loss of life among the walking wounded, though they became six stretcher cases for another helicopter. That single casualty was the only helicopter lost in a year of constant activity.

One of the most exciting operations was the carriage of supplies to a 21-day action. In this case the U.S. 5th Regimental Combat Team on the hill was bereft of all other means of securing supplies. The "choppers" (helicopters) in many cases rose vertically 4,000 odd feet from the valley to drop their supplies upon the hill-top. They ran into mortar

and artillery fire daily; here some of their pilots won their first decorations. The men's mail was airlifted to them in this dramatic fashion. Casualties descended as if by elevator-service, the helicopters evacuating them to the base from the embattled "Hill 1005."

Just prior to the "Cease Fire" the South Korean 2nd Corps was attacked and the line breached. Again the "choppers" rushed into action. They carried 800 South Korean troops from Hwancheon Reservoir to a sandbar so that a vital gap could be closed. In those fateful hours Communist forces might otherwise have exploited that gap to burst through, and the Armistice line might have been very different.

★ ★ ★

U.S. generals are enthusiastic advocates of the helicopter, which has proved itself in so wide a variety of roles, and it will undoubtedly come into its own as the Army's transport vehicle at some future date. Yet so far the U.S. Army has given no pilot more than a 30-month contract; and while he must remain in the Army for 80 months (10 of which are spent in Korea), the Army cannot cancel the arrangement at any time. Thus the pilots are apprehensive concerning their careers, for none have any guarantee.

## There's No Music In The Air

By JOHN LOUDON

more important, without his echo chamber?

WHAT'S happening to our song writers (and their hardworking American cousins)?

They haven't had a hit in the past year, with a lifetime you could confidently predict at more than six months. And the results are showing everywhere you try to listen.

Turn on the wireless and what is there? Revivals, "Charmaine," slightly older than I am, ad nauseam; Hush singing "These Foolish Things" (eight times last week I heard it); even someone "rendering" a slightly hot-up version of "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

Go to the pictures. The same. I can remember only two new numbers in recent musicals— "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend" and Doris Day singing about her "Secret Love"—whose tune even stayed with me till the end of the film. For the rest, more revivals.

Even on the song sheet and gramophone record stalls, the new British and American numbers hardly get a look in. All the space left by the flood of revivals is being effectively and enthusiastically filled, not by the bright boys of "Tin Pan Alley," but by their exultant opposite numbers in Germany (the fact is presumably referred to as Zinn-Topf-Gasse).

What has been topping the sales lists for interminable weeks? Why bother to ask? That sign-wall-sob-howl item "Oh, Mein Papa," which has just brought its leading sponsor, Mr. Eddie Calvert a golden record (presented before 44,000,000 American TV fans) and a nervous collapse, after selling 1,000,000 copies of his version.

### All Gimmicks

Following closely come these gay, up-cheering little pieces, "Answer Me," "The Book," and "The Happy Wanderer," all dripping with glorious, glycerine schmaltz straight from the Fatherland.

German dance bands are second to none—listen to Hamburg or Frankfurt late at night, when Mr. Stapleton's Show Band has ceased to disturb the other, and see. But it's a horrid thought that no one here can beat their lachrymose exports.

The really disheartening thing about the present song-crop, though, is that no normal person can sing the wretched things any more.

Pretty well every best-selling record of the past year has been a gimmick record—sold not on the words or the tune, but by the strange, twisted noises conjured up by band and vocalist.

### Only Three

Apart from the Richard Rodgers show numbers (all dating back a year or two), I can think of only three likely to have any permanent place: "La Ronde" waltz, by Oscar Straus, who was writing hits before ragtime; the "Moulin Rouge" waltz, by George Auric, a modern serious composer, who only turns his hands to films for fun; and the "Limelight" music (perhaps).

Not a very bright list from Tin Pan Alley's point of view, is it? The "home of popular music" seems to need some considerable spring-cleaning. Preferably before grandmothers and a couple of sturdy hausfrau move in to do the job themselves.

### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a  
**San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Novelty Prints For The Beach



Left: A model by Martin White of London, in gay Horrocks printed cotton. Four-way adjustable shoulder straps enable this swimsuit to be worn strapless, with both straps over the shoulders; straps just off the shoulders; or with a single strap. Colours on white ground are navy/light blue, wine/apple green, green/cyclamen.

Right: Another model by Martin White, in screen printed satin patterned with an attractive bold design in six alternative colours on a white background. It has a smooth front panel and well-shaped brassiere top. The trilled strap may be used as a halter strap for swimming or worn as photographed to give a flattering neckline. Colours are midnight blue, emerald, mulberry, royal purple, turquoise or black on white ground. — Express Photo.

## WHAT YOU OWE TO MR PUCCI —DISCOVERER OF "SKI LOOK"

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

Florence. ONE sparkling January day soon after the war, the Marchese Emilio Pucci of Florence stopped half way down a stiff ski slope above St Moritz to rescue a lady in distress.

Having dusted the snow off her face and straightened her tangled skirts, he observed that the girl was very pretty and her ski clothes were terrible.

Like most of the women that season she wore rather baggy pants and a shapeless belted jacket.

Later that day he designed a new pair of pants for her and she had them made up—as you can on the Continent—in 24 hours. They were tighter than ski pants had ever been before and he told her to wear them with a thick, loose, man's pullover.

## HOW IT STARTED

That was the start of the new Ski Look (and the Trousered Look and the Casual Look)—and of Emilio as a designer.

Back home in his Florentine palace—the 13th century Palazzo Pucci on the Via dei Pucci—Emilio started scribbling more sketches of sports clothes.

It was another couple of years before he decided to get his designs made up to show them to reporters and buyers and to go into business.

When he took the plunge exactly five years ago he had one of those rare, instantaneous successes. He could not put a foot wrong. In one season he transformed the shape of women's top-quality sports clothes all over the world—making them utterly casual and appealingly boyish.

## HIS INFLUENCE

Today, five years later, almost everything you choose for the beach, for skiing and for lounging at home stems directly from Emilio's inspiration. He has done for your casual clothes what Dior did for town clothes.

Shops and makers-up have copied and adapted his designs—and those of Italians of the same school—so that you can buy them now at any price.

Those tapered trousers you wear at home are lineal descendants of his first ski pants. The drop shoulders, comfortable sweater you bought—and which makes you hate your old skimpy twin sets—has an Italian idea behind it.

## THE CAPRI SHIRT

And you can see Emilio's sort of shorts on any sunny day on any beach in Europe and America, from Florida to Blackpool, or Protodino to his beloved Brighton.

Emilio's first designs were for trousers. He made them tight-fitting and tapered, and he made them in bright, wonderful colours.

Look (when you buy your own) for his Capri pink—an even more brilliant pink than shocking, with rather less blue in it; for his Capri green—bright as a peacock's tail, heavenly in velvet or corduroy.

His newest pants are full length—they cover the ankle bone—slit up one side at the bottom, and are in at least two colours, like medieval hose.

Then he turned to clothes for Capri and for beaches everywhere. He designed short boyish shorts and quite a new kind of short—the Capri shirt—cut loose and boxy, like a man's shirt without the tail, which you wear outside your shorts.

## SENSATION

It was a sensation. News of his beach things spread through the nervous, jumpy fashion business like an epidemic. In Emilio's first season he booked orders for £100,000 worth of clothes from English and American buyers.

"How on earth did you cope with such big orders with such a small organisation?" I asked him.

He shook his head sadly. "I didn't," he said. "As soon as I came out of my dazed condition and realised what had happened, I had to cancel everything. At that time I had only a handful of Florentine housewives sewing for me in their own homes."

Today, he has about 150 workers in Florence alone, most of them still home workers, who sew everything by hand with typically fine Italian craftsmanship. Though all his beach clothes are made in Florence, he has boutiques in Capri, Rome, and

Bermuda, with two more to be opened this summer.

Sweaters are made to his design in factories around Milan. Straw hats and leather belts are made for him in Florence. He designs a whole sports collection for one American manufacturer, and occasional garments for many others.

He sells to the best English shops. And he designs and supervises every single fabric he uses.

His newest is a shaded cotton printed in tiny oyster shells with a pearl sewn into a lucky shell here and there.

Well, what's new at Emilio's this season? What shapes, colours, patterns ought you to look for when you do a splash on your own holiday clothes?

## WARM COLOURS

His new colour is PEACH—every colour a peach can produce, from the brown of the stone and the green of the leaf to the flesh colour under the skin. Emilio thinks the warm peach colour will look wonderful in the sunshine.

His new SWIMSUITS are of quick drying silk Leno, tightly shaped and boned with very brief box-pleated skirts. These will be worn in England and America, where women like cover-up swimsuits.

"For Capri," he says, "I make mostly bikinis. You should see the English and American visitors come out there. They arrive with vivid white skins and wear suits like these (waving the box-pleated one at me).

"Next day they come back, light brown, for the most conservative bikini. Three days later, well tanned, they come for a scrapper one, to be like everyone else. They feel conspicuous with so much tan."

The NEW OUT is in triangles of many colours, like costumes in a harlequinade. He has cotton satin shorts made of triangles in seven colours. Sweaters, sectioned into triangles. Even that killed swimsuit was made of four colours—red, yellow, purple, and white.

## COOLIE STYLE

His new SHIRTS are cut in a Chinese coolie shape, but they pull over your head instead of buttoning up. They are good-looking over swimsuits, shorts, or slacks. HE makes them in cotton, printed in archaic designs, or in silk, with a plain bright colour.

He tops them with a coolie hat with a straw band. HIS NEW DRESSES—and he only makes beach dresses—have a wide, flat collar, and a long, flowing skirt. They are his "grandfather's

shirt" dresses, voluminous, wrap-around dresses that look like officers' cloaks until you see how neatly you can belt them in. The materials: brilliant poplins.

All his designs are superlatively simple. Just tremendously good shapes in very strong colours.

"You can't design fussy clothes if you live in Florence," he says, as he shows you round the city where his family have lived as long as the Mediceis, and where the squares and domes and arches have a purity that no city in Europe can rival.

"To me shape and colour are everything, whether it is architecture—or just clothes."

—(London Express Service)

## Four Types Of Men At The Dinner Table

London. A VERY dusty theory was recently received by Divorce Commissioner Mr. Samuel Richards Edgdale, Q.C.: "The way to a man's heart lies through his stomach." You are ploughed, Mr. Commissioner. And this is why:—

It may be true that a man will love you better if you cook him the kind of meal he likes, but it is a thorny and thankless task—as any woman who has tried it out can tell you.

## A Menace

Even the mildest men become a menace when they sit down to a meal. Obviously they can be classified into four separate categories.

● THE DOGS. These are the men who want a lot of the same food day after day. They like it put into the same place at the same time. The more used to it they are, the better they like it.

The worst thing you can do is to give them something different for a change and if you tell them you're going to experiment they look crestfallen and mutter.

● THE PECKERS. These are the men who somehow manage to find a bone in the creamed fish, a hair in the soup, a green fly on the lettuce leaf, and gristle in the best pork sausages. They eat very little, pick over the food carefully, scraping off the sauce, and as often as not leave it all on one side.

## Not Your Method!

● THE SNOBS who subtly manage to indicate that anything you have cooked they could cook better. They make remarks like: "I never put salt on the steak, it ruins all the juices." Or: "Why don't you bake your ham with brown sugar and pineapple juice?" Or: "Surely you separate the eggs before you beat them?"

They have endless theories about the rightness of soup to start with or cheese to end with, and whether wine should be served with salad, or mint sauce with lamb.

They're on their home stretch when coffee is served, and whatever their pet method is—it's never the one you have used.

They swear by percolators, or never use percolators; grind the beans freshly, or buy it specially blended at some little shop.

And if you describe a delicious dinner you had, all they say is: Not Chateaux Latour with pigeon pie!

● THE BOILED CABBAGE BOYS, who are suspicious of foreign flavours, and anything Mother never gave them. If you really want to bring a smile to their faces give them what they know...like boiled rice with gravy or rice pudding. If you want to see their faces fall, bring anything cooked with herbs, aubergines, or garlic or anything cooked in wine or covered with a sauce you made yourself. They are suspicious of bayleaves, or even, in severe cases, of mushrooms—because they think you are trying to disguise the flavour of something which has "gone off."

They distrust any meat or fish they cannot immediately recognise, and when you have spent hours concocting a delicate sauce they take one mouthful and ask: "Where's the ketchup?"

Their idea of a good meal is a lamb chop or egg and chips. And don't dicker around doing anything fancy with the cabbage—they like it boiled.

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## GIRL PILOT FLIES A TOUGH COURSE

Melbourne.

PATRICIA Graham Toole, a 24-year-old blonde Australian, sets neither speed nor height records in her flying. But she takes 'em up and she sets 'em down, and when you're flying off New Guinea airfields as a commercial pilot, that is good going.

## "HAIRIEST STRIPS"

Mrs Toole, small and attractive, is a former beauty shop manager, and the pet of Gibbes' Sepik Airways, founded by World War II ace 'Bobby' Gibbes to fly anything anywhere in almost roadless Papua and New Guinea.

She is the first woman commercial pilot in New Guinea, and her territory is some 20,000 square miles of jungle, rivers and mountains. Flying Auster monoplane and Norseman, Mrs Toole and her fellow pilots have what they term "some of the world's hairiest strips" over country still occupied by natives who don't hesitate to throw a spear when their dander's up.

Mrs Toole, who flies by sight and not by instruments, has had little flight trouble—and that's enough, thank you.

One beautiful morning she took off from Gadi airstrip, near Altopa with a cargo of trade

goods for a mission station an hour's flying time away.

In a pattern familiar to aviators in mountainous New Guinea, great banks of cumulus clouds appeared from nowhere, and she was flying blind on a course which she hoped might bring her out over the airstrip at Maprik, some 100 miles east.

There were no breaks to dive through, and all she could do was fly on, hoping that when fuel ran out, her plane would be somewhere near a landing strip.

Two and one-half hours after take-off, the Auster's tanks had only a few minutes fuel left.

Mrs Toole says she nosed down through the stifling cloud, praying that she would come down over grassy country. Instead, she was over razorback jungle—split by a winding river and a narrow strip of fairly level land.

"There was no room for error," she recalled. She eased the plane onto that narrow strip, and it bounced to a halt, hardly damaged.

## ALL ALONE

She caught a glimpse of a native village down the river a few miles but decided to stay with the plane and its cargo.

She spread out a sheet of canvas and using dark stones, spelled out "food." Then she sat down to wait.

"In a few minutes," she recalled, "I wished I had spelled out 'mosquito lotion.' Instead, the hungry jungle mosquitoes descended in hordes."

Gibbes' men came had other things searching for her and next morning, one spotted her, read

the sign, and dropped food and fresh water. A second dropped more supplies.

Things were looking bright, she said, until the bushes parted and a 100 near naked savages with bows and arrows leaped down the banks straight toward her.

"I was more relieved when they grinned at me," she said, "than I was earlier when the plane came to a stop without falling apart."

## THE END

Next morning she was borne out of the valley in regal style, in a sedan chair shouldered by four natives. The plane was dismantled, taken to the nearest airstrip for repair, and now is back in service.

Mrs Toole, who is married to Colin Toole, manager of Gibbes Airways at Wewak, says she fell in love with flying when she was a teen-ager.

Paying her own way, she earned her commercial licence in three years. Gibbes said he hired her because he needs pilots who "can fly by the seat of their pants—even if the pants are late-edged."—United Press.

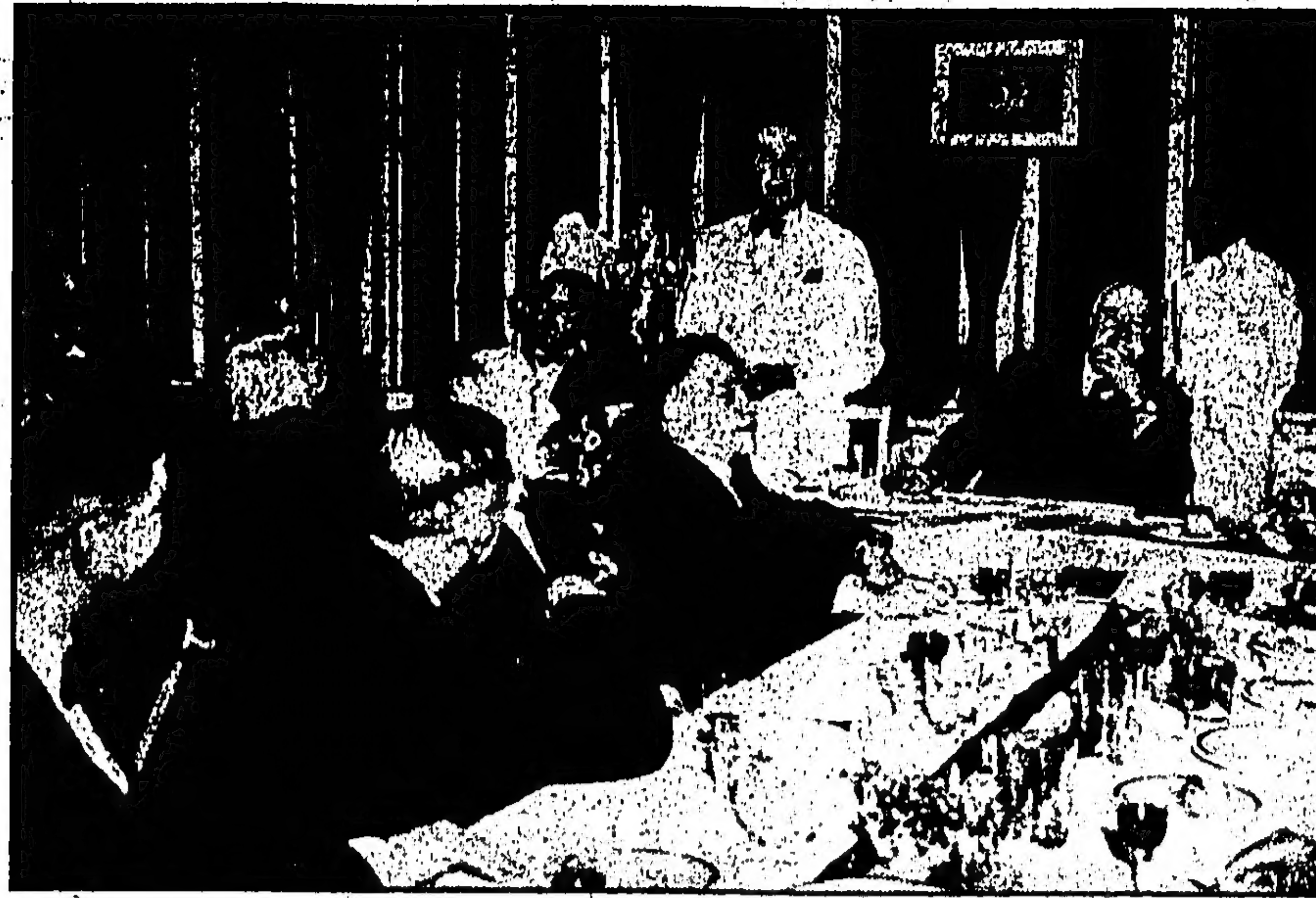
REPLACES BUTTER, MARGARINE AND LARD

**TREX**  
THE PURE, REFINED COOKING FAT





SIR Esler Dening, British Ambassador to Japan, entering a Government House car at Queen's Pier on his arrival here last Tuesday. Sir Esler left for the United Kingdom the next day on home leave. (Staff Photographer)



AT the centenary celebration dinner of the old Shanghai Volunteer Corps, held at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club last week. Mr H. G. Robinson, who presided, is shown addressing the gathering. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr Koo Tim-shing, winner of the South China Morning Post Staff Club table tennis singles championship, holds the Franklin Cup with replica donated by Mr F. P. Franklin, Managing Director (centre). On the right is the runner-up, Mr E. Ip. (Staff Photographer)



THE Royal Army Service Corps team which defeated the 1st Battalion, the King's Regiment, in the final of the Army Plate Hockey Competition at Sookunpoo on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



REAR-ADMIRAL G. V. Gladstone, Flag Officer Second-in-Command, Far East Station, who opened the China Fleet Club's Coronation Annex, being shown over the building by Mr J. T. J. King, the Club manager. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr R. Johannessen replies after a presentation made to him and Mrs Johannessen by Mr J. H. Ruttenjee on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Children on Monday. Mr and Mrs Johannessen are leaving Hongkong shortly on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM at the joint exhibition of paintings by Ruth Robertson and Douglas Bland, which opened at St John's Cathedral Hall on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr Chun Chiu-wei and Miss Minnie Chung, who were married at the Registry last week, pictured at their wedding banquet held at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

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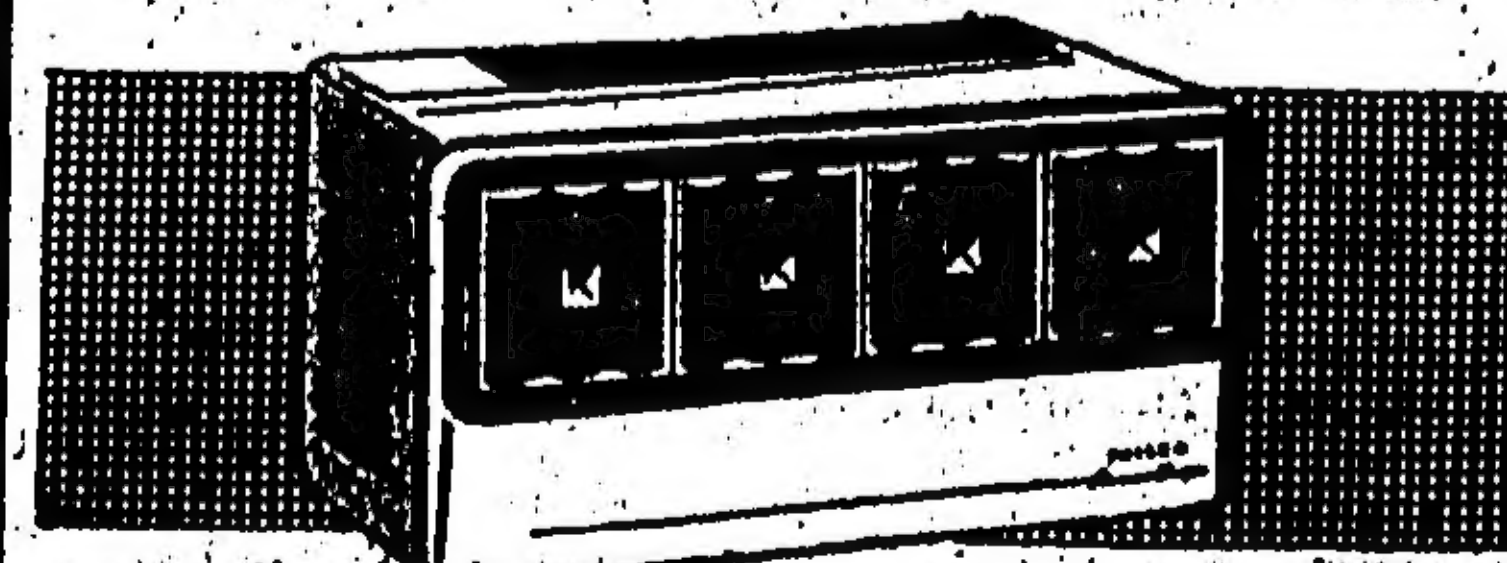


THE Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. Sir Terence Airey, inspecting recruits of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at their passing out parade at Lyemun last week. Right: Gen. Airey congratulates Sgt Ho Koon-man after presenting him the platoon champions' shield, awarded to No. 1 Platoon. (Staff Photographer)

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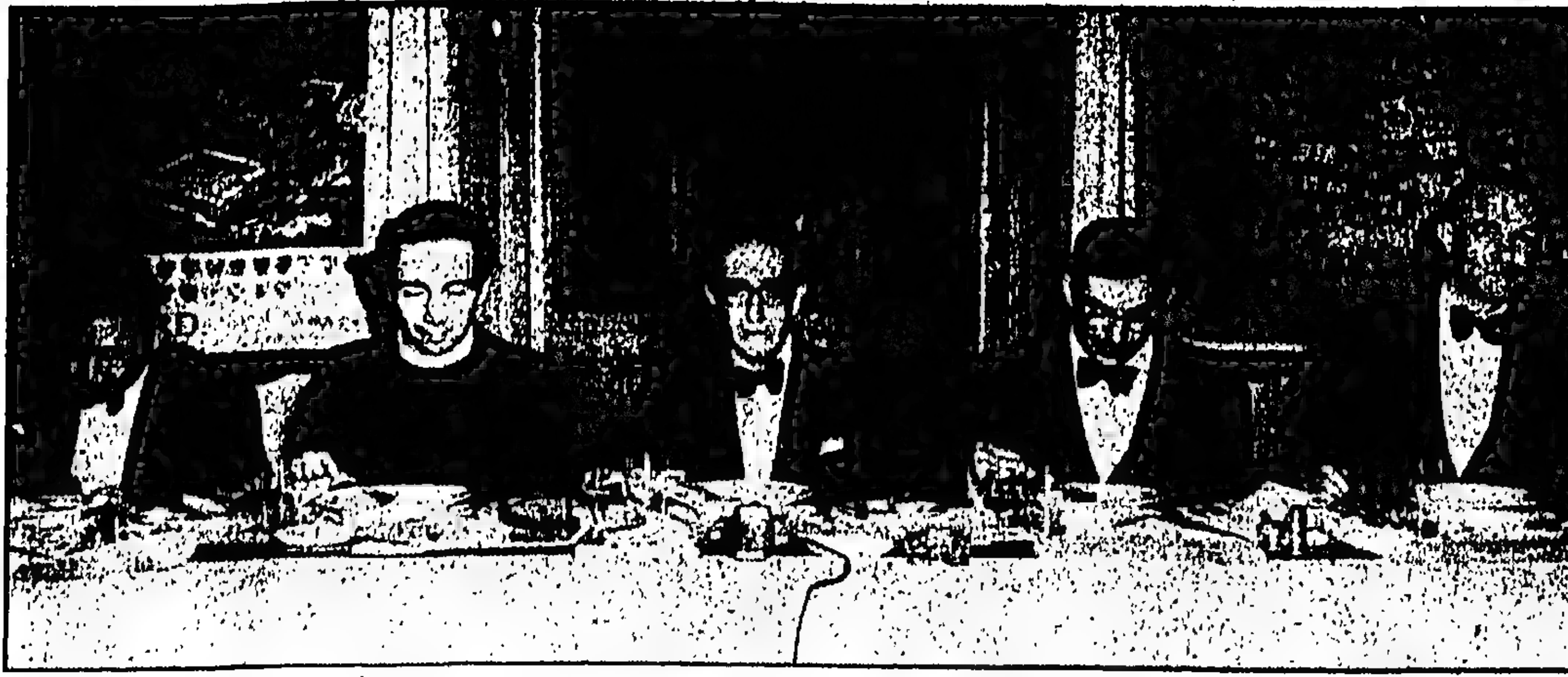


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AT the annual Boat Race dinner of the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hongkong, held at the Hongkong Club last Saturday. From left: Mr C. S. Shan, the Very Rev. F. S. Temple, Mr C. H. Arnold, who presided, Mr R. Obitas and Mr J. R. Jones. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs K. M. A. Barnett photographed with officials of the Hongkong Chinese Manufacturers' Union who entertained them to a farewell dinner before they went on leave last week. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Bon voyage dinner given by Hongkong Women's Auxiliary Army Corps members to RSM Kim Campbell (seated third from right), who is returning to the United Kingdom on leave. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Prizewinners of the Hongkong University Badminton Club photographed after the annual prize presentation in the Great Hall last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



KO WAI-BONG, of Tsing Hua Middle School, winner of the senior singles title in the 1953-54 Schoolboys' Open Badminton Competition, pictured with his trophies after the final played at the Craigengower Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual church service of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps at the Garrison Church last Sunday. On left is Lt-Col. E. Mackiness, ADANS. (Staff Photographer)



DISTRIBUTION of trophies by Rear-Admiral G. V. Gladstone at the conclusion of the Royal Navy boxing championships on Tuesday. Receiving the prize in picture is AB Nicholson, of HMS Concord, winner of the welter-weight title. (Staff Photographer)



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RIGHT: Miss Yvonne Mok, daughter of Mr and Mrs Mok Hing-wing, cuts the cake at her coming-of-age party. Her parents are by her side. (Ming Yuen)



THE newly-formed Australian Association of Hongkong held a very successful dance—its first social function since its inauguration—at the Kowloon Dock Club last Saturday. On the right is part of the "chow line" at the buffet. (Staff Photographer)



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## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

by Illingworth



## Unhappy Prospect For Geneva

## IS ANOTHER "KOREA" IN THE MAKING?

By Ronald Fredenburgh

**"P**IE in the Sky" the Americans call the wishful thinking that is divorced from realities and possibilities. And pie in the sky is the most fitting term I know to sum up the attitude of the Western Powers as they prepare to meet the Russians and Chinese in Geneva on April 26.

The contrast with the Berlin meeting last February is startling. For the Berlin conference there had been long and careful planning. The British, American and French Foreign Ministers spoke with a single voice, and Russian efforts to break up that unity rebounded like pebbles from a granite wall.

There is no such unity, no identity of aims and interests on Far Eastern questions.

The French, sick at heart over the manhood and treasure they have poured into Indo-China over the past seven years, long to settle the civil war, even at the cost of abject appeasement of Ho Chi-minh.

## THEY HOPE

THE Americans hope for some settlement which will allow them to bring home their forces from Korea and prevent the Indo-Chinese struggle from becoming a second "Korean War"; they hope for this, but they expect little from Geneva.

And the British Government? Well, if it has any policy other than a vague echo of French and American hopes, it is difficult to discover what it is.

The British public remains blissfully unperturbed by this lack of an agreed Western policy on the Far East. Half the world stretches between these islands and Korea and Indo-China; we can afford to bury our heads in the comforting sands. Or so the British public thinks.

Geneva may sweep away some of the sand, but probably not enough to give us a clear view of the new world situation now crystallizing before our eyes. The crux of this situation is that the focal point of the world-wide struggle between Communism and the Free Nations has shifted from the Rhine to the Red River Delta.

## CLEAR FACT

THE one clear fact which emerged from the Berlin meeting was that NATO has stemmed the tide in Europe. So long as the NATO wall and will-power remain firm, the Russians

will not risk war to push their conquests westward in Europe. They prefer to fish in more unguarded waters.

In the Far East there is no NATO, and no hope for anything like it—for a long time, at least. There is nothing to withstand the outward pressure of dynamic Communism, which knows what it wants and is adept at making use of human misery, nationalism and the growing hatred of the West to achieve its ambitious ends. If the present mad race for arms is to explode, sooner or later, into a third world war, it will come via the Far East.

## STATUS QUO

THE Geneva meeting is to focus its attention on Korea and Indo-China. But the most the Americans can hope for in Korea is an agreement to return to the status quo—foreign troops to be withdrawn; the Communists left in control of the North; and the Syngman Rhee regime firmly entrenched in the South.

Suppose that is agreed. Will Syngman Rhee then be content with half of Korea, or will he carry out his repeated threats to

seize the North as well? And if he does, can we doubt that the Chinese will rush to the North, while the United Nations wash their hands of any responsibility to support Syngman Rhee's "unprovoked aggression?"

Anyhow, Indo-China, not Korea, has become the main issue of the Far East. Politically and strategically, the outcome in Indo-China promises to have a far greater impact on the not-so-cold war between Communism and the free world. And the prospects for Indo-China are grimmer than Korea. The French know they have missed the bus in Indo-China. Five years ago, they might have handed over power and departed with grace. They might even have succeeded in keeping some loose tie with the Indo-Chinese States. But today the French cannot find enough able leaders among their Vietnamese allies to form a government strong enough to hold the country together and continue the fight against the Vietnamese.

The French have long believed that they could set up a Vietnamese army which would carry on the struggle and allow them to bring back their own forces to Europe to match Germany's promised rearmament. But as the Americans bluntly point out, the French have not succeeded in building up Vietnamese forces capable of withstanding the Vietnamese.

There may be isolated military successes, but the French are well aware that the long-term

struggle for Indo-China is going against them. M. Laniel has admitted, with becoming frankness, that the war cannot be won on the basis of the present armament.

The most the French can hope for at Geneva is a division of Vietnam which would leave the northern section under the control of Ho Chi-minh. That in Indo-China promises to have a far greater impact on the not-so-cold war between Communism and the free world. In exchange, the French would get a cease-fire which might allow them to withdraw their forces. But it would leave Indo-China in precisely the same situation that Korea was in before the Communists of the North launched their attack on South Korea and made that unhappy country the scene of a miniature world war.

## PROBABILITY

THE West need not delude itself. The leaders of world Communism seem determined to extend their domination over the Far East. In the absence of force capable of withholding this surge, the story will be the reverse of the "containment" which has been achieved in Europe. America's leaders are alive to this growing threat. But the American public's fear of involvement in Indo-China makes it more probable that, sooner or later, the West will be faced with another "Korean War"—or worse.

## HALF A CENTURY OF FRIENDSHIP

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

WHOEVER it was who called international treaties "scraps of paper" did not have Britain and France in mind.

For the Anglo-French "Entente Cordiale" has survived two world wars, fifteen changes of government in Britain and a lot more in France.

This year the Entente reaches its half-century and is to be celebrated in both capitals.

It came into being on April 8, 1904. But the get-together really dates from the visit of Edward VII made to Paris in May, 1903.

His personal popularity caused Frenchmen suddenly to become pro-British, as they had been previously. Resentment against Britain, roused by the Boer War and colonial rivalries in North Africa, had touched off a fierce anti-British campaign in the press and along the boulevards.

This campaign reached such intensity that the King's close advisers suggested he call the visit off.

But the King's mind was made up, and nothing would make him change it. And rightly. Within forty-eight hours of his arrival in Paris, the crowds in the

streets were cheering him. Contemporary commentators put the change down to the King's "personal magnetism."

Whatever it was, Edward VII won France's heart. The Parisians fêted him. They cheered him as he drove with the President in his landau down the Champs-Élysées, preceded by the band of the Garde Républicaine playing, "There'll be a hot time in the Old Town tonight."

They followed him in crowds on every occasion—to the military review at Vincennes, to the races at Longchamp, to the gala performance at the Opera.

They even named a theatre—the Theatre Edouard Sept—after him.

They liked his speeches—and his way of the French flag. "I shall always be full of admiration for this unique city and its citizens," he told them. "I shall never forget the welcome I have received."

His visit was a big social event. Journalists recorded his movements from hour to hour, gave detailed descriptions of his clothes, his and his. Men of fashion read the reports avidly and followed his styles enthusiastically. His popularity reached such heights that a Frenchman—a citizen of republican France—said to an English friend: "Tell your king that I over his king of his job in England."

we will accept him by acclamation." They gave him a new nickname. They dubbed him "le roi pacificateur." But in their enthusiasm they forgot their history. As a constitutional monarch, Edward VII was bound to follow the policy laid down by his Ministers.

A few weeks later, in July, the French President paid a return visit to London. He stayed at St James's Palace as the King's guest and was accompanied by his Foreign Minister M. Delcassé. The visit of the French President was unprecedented and further cemented the friendship between the two countries.

As guest in Paris and host in London, Edward VII thus prepared the way for the Entente. The negotiations between the two Foreign Secretaries—M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne—ended with the signing of the treaty in April 1904.

By that time the treaty was popular in both countries and the words "Entente Cordiale" a catchword.

It was described by Lord Lansdowne as a "powerful impulse" for friendly relations. It was hailed by historians as a "major revolution in our foreign policy," as marking a "notable hour in modern history," and as introducing a "new spirit into international relations."

In no sense was it a military alliance. British politicians would not commit the country to a definite alliance offensive or defensive. But they were prepared to settle difficulties with France, in Egypt and North Africa and other common fields of interest, by peaceful means.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PLENTY, THEY SAY, AT "THE TEMPLE OF WISE WRITING"

## Onomancy—It Can Make Your Fortune

By RICHARD HUGHES

Tokyo. THE cult of Onomancy, or "the study of names and their significance on personality and good fortune," is booming in Japan, where fortune-telling and soothsaying has always been revered as a sincere and honourable art.

The venerable baldheaded leader of the cult, which is attracting sensational attention among perplexed scholars and harassed politicians, is Keno Kumazaki, who has been peering successfully and profitably through his thick spectacles and the thicker human veil for 26 years.

He has his Tokyo cultural headquarters in a temple known as the Gosei Kaku (roughly "Wise Writing"), where overflow audiences nightly listen to his sonorous addresses on moral

teachings as derived from the study of names.

He does a flourishing business recommending names for infants to mystically-minded parents, and reports that many adults come to seek his advice on a change in family name as a method of shaking off bad luck.

## Useful Alibi

He has built up an astonishing collection of letters and newspaper cuttings which, he asserts, prove how good fortune has smiled on clients who have changed their names—either "given" or family—in accordance with his onomantic prescriptions.

"It is not the name change only which brings

better luck," he advised me shrewdly, "but the renewed confidence of the person in his or her luck which has much to do with a favourable turn of fortune."

He also gave himself a useful alibi with the further reminder that "no name will bring luck unless the bearer deserves to have the lucky name."

Mr Kumazaki's system is simple enough and doubtless most reasonable and convincing to a subtle mind.

## Stroke Count

You write down the full name—the first name (which is second in Japan) and surname—in Japanese characters. Then you count the number of strokes in these elegant ideographs. The number of strokes gives you an insight into your destiny and your lucky or unlucky breaks according to whether your parents named you Tora or Inchiro. Fair enough?

There are three fundamental divisions in the mystical-mathematical calculation. The total number of strokes in the characters which comprise the family name represents "Heaven." The total number of strokes for the given name—or Christian name, as we say—represents "Earth." The combination of the number of strokes in the first character (roughly syllable) of the surname and the first character of the given name represents "Personality."

That's all you need as the working basis of this seemingly intricate but persuasively scientific evaluation of present and future good and bad fortune. There are inner secrets of addition and subtraction which will confuse the beginner who wishes to launch the cult of Onomancy in other lands but the principle seems fairly clear.

Mr Kumazaki generously gave me the formula for the vital "Personality" check-up, which is the key to the science. Only one to 10 counts in the calculation. If there are more than 10 strokes in the Oriental version of the last syllable of your surname and the first syllable of your given name, consider only the last digit. Here's how the "personality" count runs (if you know how to write your name in Japanese):

- 1.—Quiet outwardly, but strong to the core, with a liking for wealth.
- 2.—Shrewd, a good business head, tenacious, jealous, also a liking for wealth.
- 3.—Active, progressive, but with a liking for authority (deftly man) rather than wealth.
- 4.—Explosive, apt to expend energy wastefully; subtle but occasionally—alas—dishonest.
- 5.—Adjustable, friendly and full of good judgment—apart from a lack of interest in wealth.
- 6.—Jealous, suspicious and a seeker after fame (wealth included).
- 7.—Extravagant, concealed, with a tendency to exaggerate.
- 8.—Brave and patient, despite a "weakness for gambling."
- 9.—Energetic, abounding in initiative but temperamental.
- 10.—Gloomy and pessimistic, but tenacious.

## An Attraction

One of the attractions of Onomancy is that, if a reading of your characters—which means your character—indicates that you are likely to suffer serious illness, you may cheat your physical weakness by changing either of your names. Mr Kumazaki gave me an encouraging rundown on my own personality and future by an examination of my name. Modesty prevents me from disclosing the penetrating accuracy of his diagnosis of my true inner self.

As for the future, he demonstrated conclusively that, because of integrity and quietude, I deserve a heavy income. Onomancy in other lands but the principle seems fairly clear. Banzai for Onomancy!

## THE AMERICAN SCENE

## TOP C BRINGS PICASSO DOWN

By Newell Rogers

New York. **FOURTEEN FLOORS** above Park Avenue, tenor John Crane hit top C—and a painting by Picasso crashed to the floor.

The 150 guests at the musical evening of Princess Gourell jumped. They were listening to Crane singing "The Stranger Song," an aria from a new opera, "The Tender Land," by modernist composer Aaron Copland.

And what a place it was in which to launch a song: a 60ft. long art gallery and an audience surrounded by a million dollars' worth of art, including the largest-known private collection of primitive African sculpture.

Four-foot-ten-inch Princess Gourell, a business woman (she's a priestess of beauty culture), has 30 rooms to her penthouse. Her drawing-room is bright pink and royal purple. Her bed, of unbreakable glass, is webbed with neon tubes that light at the push of a button.

**LEFT-HANDED** Bobby Siska, aged 10, is beating nearly all the grown-up tennis players on the California club courts in Los Angeles, sunny "incubator" for America's champions.

Coach George Hudson says Bobby is the greatest prospect he has seen in 47 years.

**ONLY** two out of seven wives who get quick (10-minute), easy Nevada divorces want them. It's usually the husband who insists, say lawyers in Reno and Las Vegas, the gambling capital.

"Many clients dread joining the legion of lost wives," said one lawyer. "Of my 1998 cases, only 201 women were willing plaintiffs. The others were bullied, bribed, nagged or coerced by husbands."

"Most women are pathetically reluctant to disrupt homes, particularly if they have children."

**IMAGINE** robbing a girl while 50 policemen look on! Henry Johnson snatched Margaret Vaalgaard's purse in an underground station. He thought the recruit constables in grey uniforms instead of blue were messenger boys—until they pounced on him.

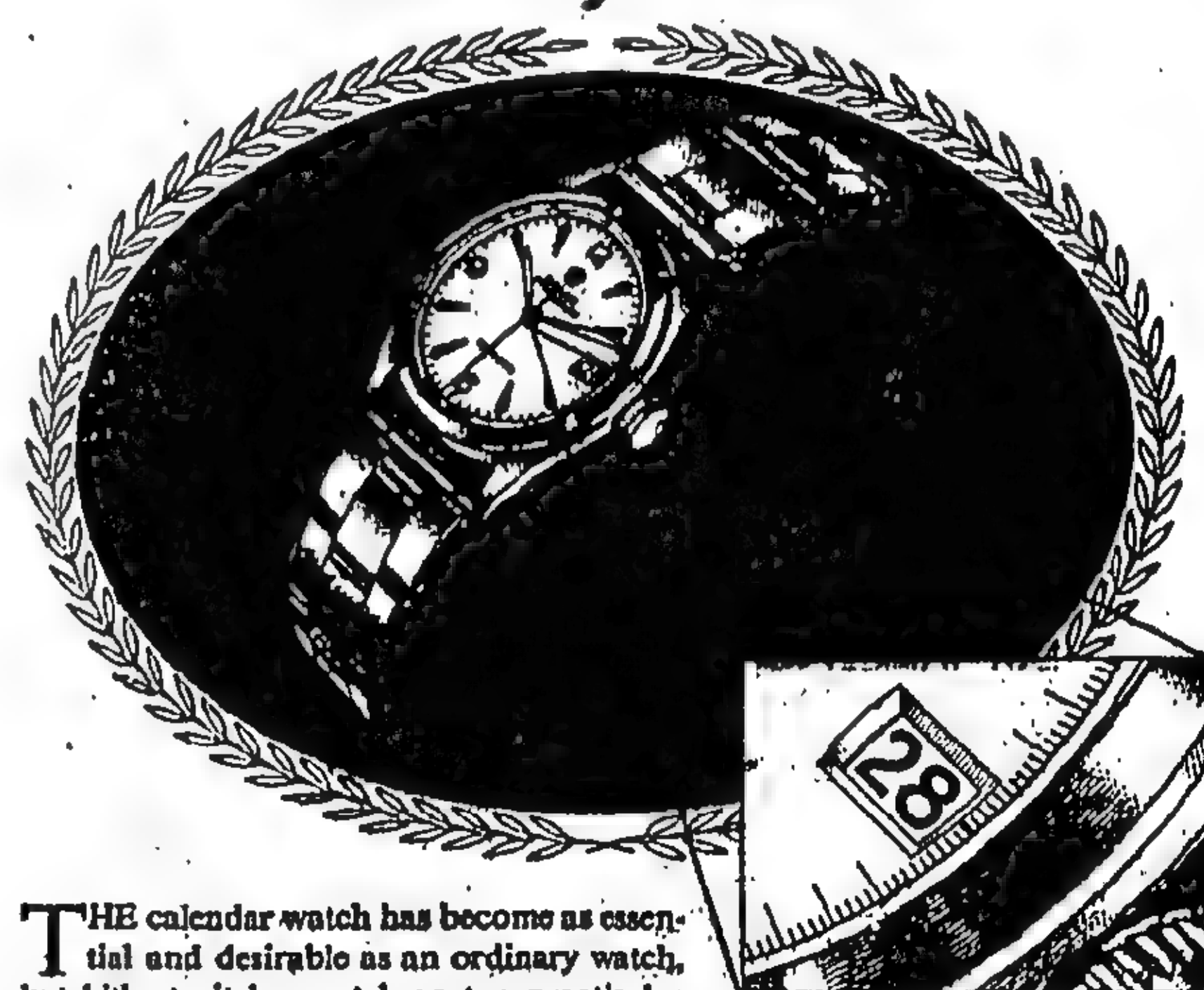
**AIR FORCE** scientist Joachim A. Kuetner is convinced he can do the 3,000 miles from California to the Pacific Coast to New York on the east coast in a glider.

He says it can be done by using the "jet stream," the 200 miles an hour tailwind seven miles above the earth.

**MAN OF SECRETS:** Robert C. Spague, alcoholism manufacturer, of North Adams, Massachusetts.

He has been allowed to pay into America's most guarded weapons so that he could prepare for Congress an independent assessment of air science. Armed Services Committee members were briefed on the

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## GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON on BOOKS

# Mr Lewis Was A Jump Ahead Of Destiny

THE MAN FROM MAIN STREET. Selected essays by Sinclair Lewis, Heinemann. 15s. 294 pages.

HENRY SINCLAIR LEWIS was tall, lanky, red-haired, restless and, as

became the heir of eight generations of Connecticut Yankees, intensely secretive about his work.

Of his odyssey through journalism to literature, Lewis gives a salty, autobiographical glimpse in this collection of his literary oddments. His progress in journalism (from 35 dollars a week to 12 dollars 60 cents) was punctuated by dismissals. The fifth time, Lewis got one jump ahead of destiny: tendered a dignified resignation. "And give a lot to know who told you Ah was going to fire you," said his aggrieved employer.

Lewis was born (1887) son of a hard-working country doctor at Sauk Centre, Minnesota, in the back blocks of the corn belt, where men are men and usually Scandinavians: "a good time, a good place and a good preparation for life."

Sauk Centre appears as Gopher Prairie in Lewis's novel, "Main Street," the satire of American small-town life on which Lewis's fame was built. Down from Yale on vacation, he heard the peasants of Sauk Centre say: "Why don't Doc Lewis make Harry get a job on a farm?"

Lewis found better-paid work selling story plots to Jack London at last, got round to using the plots himself. The only literary advice he ever took came from a lady—"The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair."

He was a romantic devoting into satire, the loving scorn of the "outspoken" school of fiction, he says: "You boys started something when you began to undress in the drawing-room. Your followers took your precept, 'Be clever and dirty,' but they could follow only the last part."

Ten years before he died (Rome, 1951), Lewis wrote his own obituary; on the whole, a friendly notice. Already he was mellowing.

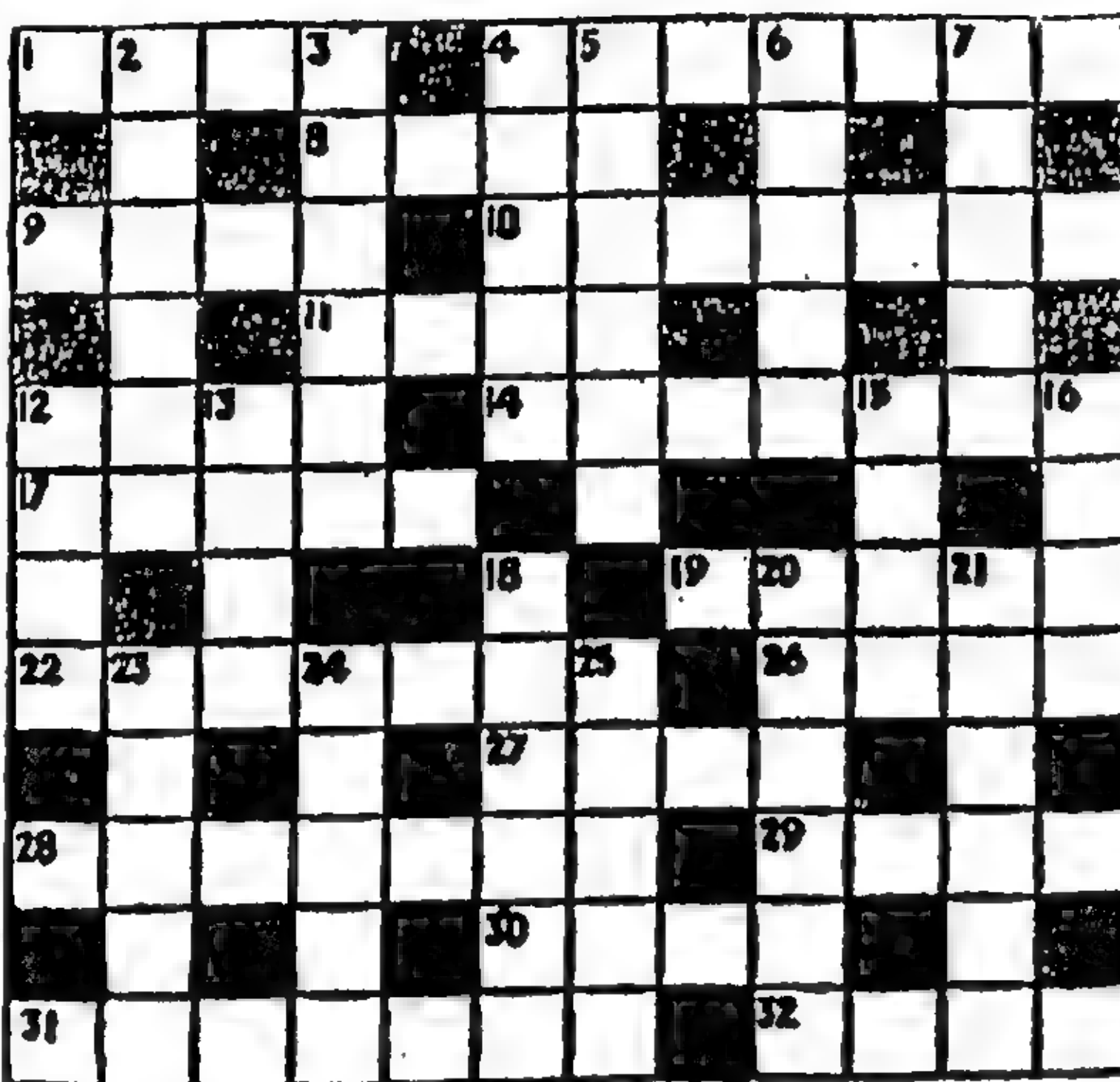
Addressing leaders of the tough, "outspoken" school of fiction, he says: "You boys started something when you began to undress in the drawing-room. Your followers took your precept, 'Be clever and dirty,' but they could follow only the last part."

He was a romantic devoting into satire, the loving scorn of the "outspoken" school of fiction, he says: "You boys started something when you began to undress in the drawing-room. Your followers took your precept, 'Be clever and dirty,' but they could follow only the last part."

Ten years before he died (Rome, 1951), Lewis wrote his own obituary; on the whole, a friendly notice. Already he was mellowing.

Addressing leaders of the tough, "outspoken" school of fiction, he says: "You boys started something when you began to undress in the drawing-room. Your followers took your precept, 'Be clever and dirty,' but they could follow only the last part."

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- Insect (4).
- Favour (7).
- Accustomed (4).
- Unruffled (4).
- Vest (7).
- Voiced (4).
- Impetuosity (4).
- Above all (7).
- Valleys (5).
- Rope (5).
- Line touching a circle (7).
- Spare (4).
- Maiden (4).
- Calumniated (7).
- Press (4).
- Peruse (4).
- Reins, etc. (7).
- Whirlpool (4).

### DOWN

- Prophetic revelation (6).
- Kind (6).
- Hepees (5).
- Hateful (6).
- Keen (5).
- Unit of heat (5).
- Prepare for press (4).
- Before long (4).
- Relieve (4).
- Block (4).
- Barages (6).
- Refer to (6).
- Drooped (6).
- Sodium (5).
- Seed (5).
- Seasons (5).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Little, 5 Sense, 8 Annex, 9 Rabbit, 10 Civil, 11 Revel, 12 Sort, 13 Deals, 16 Behest, 18 Slides, 20 Plans, 22 Here, 23 Vents, 25 Magic, 26 Hunted, 27 Steer, 28 Myths, 29 Needed. Down: 1 Lordship, 2 Tuberoso, 3 Lair, 4 Entered, 5 Secedes, 6 Exiles, 7 Sull, 14 Allocated, 15 Splendid, 16 Bisects, 17 Heathen, 19 Lavish, 21 Leaky, 24 Sure.

# PARADE

**DESERT ROMANCE** Deep in the south of Israel, not far from Biblical Beer-sheba, 67-year-old Sheikh Sulaiman el Huzel is the undisputed ruler of 2,000 Bedouins. The modern King Solomon has no fewer than 42 wives, 68 sons and whole regiments of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Plus a still twinkling eye for the girls.

In recent weeks the sheikh has been seeing a number of Hollywood films on his visits to the three cinemas of Beer-sheba. Now he has decided to look up his harem, marry an American girl and "settle down". His only trouble is in finding a girl who will marry him. "Someone like Marilyn Monroe!" sighs the sad sheikh.

P.S.: The address is: Sheikh el Huzel, Shuvul, Negev, Israel.

## GERMAN PURGE

Official attempts to purge the German language of "piddling" (the use of English and American slang) are being undertaken by the Ministry of Interior in Bonn. The language clean-up is being carried out through the medium of the "Society for the German Language". The Society publishes its own newspaper, Mother Tongue, and aims at substituting pure German words for the hundreds of foreign expressions which have crept into everyday speech since the war.

## RED RACE

A Shakespeare vogue started with "Shakespeare even-ings" in Prague—shows signs of sweeping throughout Communist Czechoslovakia. Shakespeare evenings, Shakespeare exhibitions, the great bard's plays and sonnet recitals are now all the rage—and the height of fashion and culture in the People's Democracy!

## BOOKWORMS TURN

Organiser of Work with Young People in MANCHESTER Public Libraries, finds it more revealing to know what books children don't like rather than their likes.

Amongst the dislikes, she reports, are "Little Women" (because some of them died); "Robinson Crusoe" (he is on the island too long); "Gulliver's Travels" (silly, those little men); "Lorna Doone" (because it doesn't mention much about her) and "Manners" (Can be Fun) (it's not true).

What bothers Miss McGill still more is the concerted attack of many children upon "Alice in Wonderland"—they called it boring, dull, silly, goit, childish. And what do they like? Enid Blyton came first, except for boys over 12, who chose W. E. Johns. Some threw in Stevenson and even Shakespeare, but Miss McGill says she rather suspects that Will was mentioned just to impress.

## WAIT FOR IT

"The world will see the coming of the Messiah within three months". This is the prediction made in Jerusalem by "apocalyptic" leader, Rabbi Amram Bleu. Rabbi Bleu is leader of only a small sect of Jewish fanatics but maintains that there is nothing fanciful about his prophecy. His prediction that the Messiah will come at any moment is based, he says, upon the fulfilment of Biblical prophecy—and upon "highly secret" computations and compilations which, taken together, provide the "exact date". More or less, anyway.

## FAIR DEAL FOR SENORAS

A campaign for a fairer deal for women has been launched in Spain—a country where women have long counted for nothing outside the home.

Heading the campaign and also the originator of it is one of Spain's twelve women lawyers, 38-year-old blonde barrister Mercedes Formica who wants equal treatment for women who separate from their husbands. As it stands at present the law, she maintains, is "grossly unfair". While separation proceedings are pending (divorce is not allowed in Catholic Spain) a woman, the innocent party or the guilty, is forced to leave her home and children.

Senora Formica's views on the situation are popular. Within a few hours of her writing them in a Madrid daily paper her home was inundated with telegrams, phone calls and visitors while the first post the following morning brought giant shoals of letters. The senora expects her campaign to force a change in the law within a year. If successful she will press for other reforms—including adjustments of present laws which rule that Spanish women have no right to own property, cannot marry without the consent of their men-folk or travel abroad.

## NOTHING NEW

The world may look upon Sir Alexander Fleming as the discoverer of penicillin, but the Danes are slow to acclaim him. And with a reason.

In country districts in Denmark it has been the custom for many years to give sick people "a dose of mould" straight off a dump wall. It is also on record, says the Danes, that when the soldiers of Sweden's Charles XII invaded Denmark in 1700 they each carried in their knapsack—by order—a chunk of mouldy bread and were instructed to bind it on any wound they might receive.

## BARBS

By HAL COCHRAN

EVEN if you can look at a woman and tell her age, you had better not!

The younger generation thinks it's entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of snappiness.

A woman in America sued her maid for stealing her husband. It just isn't safe to leave things around the house.

There are two kinds of double chin—one grows on you, the other comes when two women meet.

A woman was arrested for refusing to leave a public phone booth after two hours. It probably spoiled the description of a new dress.

A scientist says man's supremacy is threatened by the lowly insect. Some wives probably can't tell the difference.

This is the age of speed, but it still takes some women 30 years to reach 30.

Action was asked by a cemetery association in America to prevent couples from spooning there. A grave problem.

Some people would rather remain single—others would rather knot.

Most people won't latch to both sides—unless they happen to be on a record.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Allow Me To Present...

BY HARRY WEINERT









## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



# Cockell Will Earn A Lot Of Dollars, But He's Not A World Champion

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Seventeen years ago I stood on the dockside at Southampton and waved "bon voyage" to Tommy Farr as he left in the "Queen Mary" to fight Joe Louis for the World Heavyweight Championship. The same Tommy Farr sat next to me at the Earl's Court ringside and watched Don Cockell book himself the same trip by out-pointing Roland LaStarza and thus become the No. 1 contender to Rocky Marciano.

How will the present English Champion fare on that hazardous journey. First of all it will bring him an awful lot of dollars. Secondly, to his credit LaStarza ranks second only to the reigning Champion, while Cockell has to his credit a victory over Harry Matthews in Seattle.

But, thirdly, Cockell was not over-impressive against LaStarza. His superlative weight makes him an easy target, but the American showed himself a poor puncher. And Don was lively enough to skip around and score the points. He won quite easily.

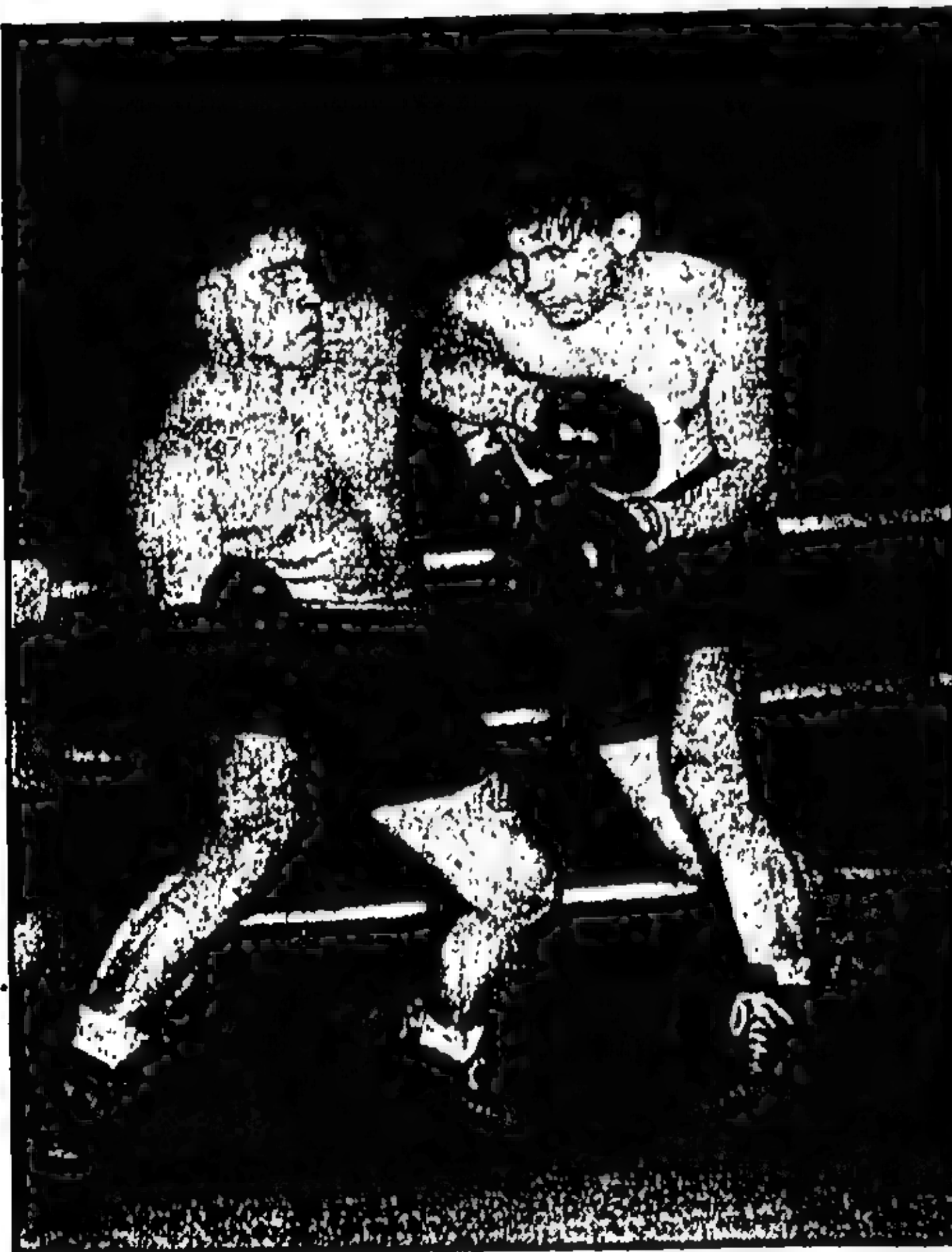
Also in Cockell's favour is his complete phlegm. He is the least concerned person at all his contests, but he has a shrewd business brain, and he brings it to bear in his approach to a bout and during it.

Conny, indeed, is this Battersea bloke, the former Sussex farmer, and I would say that he will leave the ring one day the most prosperous of the English champions.

Mr. John Simpson, the manager, told me at the weigh-in that should Cockell win a was most likely that he would face Marciano in New York in September, but he hoped to have a fight before that probably against a Continental.

In the all-star Earl's Court bill there were also Randolph Turpin and Yolande Pompey both up against mediocre Continental and neither of them did anything to enhance his reputation. Both won on points but their victories were mere shadows of what they have done in the past. I have no doubt that Pompey will eventually fight his way back to the top but I am not so sure about Turpin. One cannot help feeling that the beating he took in

## INSIDE HIS GUARD



British and Empire Heavyweight Champion Don Cockell (left) grimaces as America's Roland LaStarza slips inside his guard during their fight at Earl's Court, London. Cockell won the 10-round contest on points. —Reuterphoto.

## Blindness Never Stymies This Golfer

Blindness is little handicap to Gerry Brereton, who recently drove off from the first tee of the Bolton golf course as a prelude to his campaign to convince other sightless people that golf can still be their sport.

With the backing of Brigadier A. C. Critchley, who went blind last year, Gerry hopes to form the British Blind Golfers' Association.

It all started a year ago when he received a letter from the Blind Golfers' Association of Canada, who were mistakenly under the impression that Gerry was a golfer and were desirous of him forming an association in Britain similar to theirs.

Gerry thought it a good idea and immediately started to learn golf. He was an apt pupil, despite his blindness, and is now an accomplished player. Gerry is on the links about four days a week and gets his caddy to be his "eyes"—he places Gerry in line in readiness to start and touches the ball ever so gently with the club head preparatory to the "address" and drive.

# SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

## TOO MUCH FOOTBALL HAS DRIVEN OUR PLAYERS TO STALENESS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The popular topic of the moment in local soccer circles is 'too much football', and I join wholeheartedly with those who are of the opinion that our players are 'at the moment being asked to play too many games. However this is a subject which must be given sensible consideration for I cannot believe that the Football Association is either oblivious or indifferent to the strain that is being placed on many of the top ranking local players.

Before offering criticism of the governing body it should be remembered that this has been an exceptional year and that some of the present difficulties have arisen because of the shortage of grounds at the start of the season... coupled, of course, with police restrictions on the grounds that were available.

There can be no doubt that the policy of bringing visiting sides to the Colony—whatever its effect on the fixture list—is a popular one with players and spectators alike. The gaining of representative honours elevates a player's status and few players are indifferent to that fact... If you doubt this just listen to some of them when they have been omitted from a selection.

Football in this Colony has at the helm a band of men who have tried to give the public pleasant variety as far as their soccer entertainment has been concerned... If they have failed then it is in the respect that they have served up too big a ration... and it is the players who have suffered.

It has been painfully obvious in many recent games that our footballers have reached a dangerous stage of both physical and mental indifference. The edge has gone from their play and they can only produce the

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### Badminton League Final

Sir,—I read with interest the article written by "Argonaut" in Thursday's issue of your good paper, on the Badminton League Final, which was held at the "Y" and Craigengower Cricket Club at St. Teresa's Church Hall Wednesday evening.

I watched all the games in this match and I must say "Argonaut" was somewhat incorrect when he reported the game played between Ramon Young and Bill Funk thus: "Despite the disparity of the score, the set was very closely contested with each point sternly fought for."

The fact is Ramon Young was badly hurt on the right forearm which was accidentally whipped by the racket of his opponent while "warming up" before the match. I agreed with "Argonaut" up to the point when Bill Funk was leading by 6-4, that each point was sternly fought for but thereafter, it was visible that Ramon Young could not hold on any further with his injured arm under the terrible pressure of the game, set by Bill Funk, who then scored his points easily. And therefore, thereafter, each point was NOT sternly fought for.

Also in "Argonaut's" description of the single game played between Robert Tay and Ramon Young, he said:

"Robert Tay held Young to 9-9 in the next game of the evening but literally gave up the ghost after that to enable the 'Y's' shuttler to win by 15-9."

In this game, it was really a ding-dong struggle and when the score was deadlocked at 9-9, it was evident that Ramon Young was suffering from the agony of an injured arm and Robert Tay was suffering from lack of stamina and had literally "shot the bolt" before giving the game away. The standard of play of this game was undoubtedly low.

FAIRPLAY

Both these 1st Division games start at 5 p.m.

Nothing but a planned respite can allow them to regain their freshness. Desperation may lead them to produce a good game at the crucial moment, but it is just a fleeting flicker and the spark will soon be extinguished... and real and lasting damage will have been done to the players.

Reports from Macao show that our representatives hit an all time low in the annual inter-port match against our near neighbours... and the same reports show that many of our top-ranking players were clearly, unable to raise a prolonged gallop.

### BASIC CAUSE

Generally speaking the basic cause of the trouble lies in the fact that several of the top teams... the teams which supply many of our representative players... were granted strange dispensation at the start of the season and it was almost a quarter way through before some of these clubs had played a couple of League matches. At the time many knowing folks predicted that the dispensation would boomerang and it very definitely has... to the detriment of our players and the playing power of our representative teams.

When Sookunpoo, the Navy Ground and Boundary Street were good enough for some clubs it should have been insisted that they were good enough for all. If the last for dollars had been suppressed the present situation would not have arisen.

Our players would have had a balanced football programme and would now have been at the peak of their form instead of the current burnt out shadows of their early season selves.

The news that the Arsenal will not be able to come to the East may have caused the sighs of relief in some quarters but, however tired the players may be, I am certain that the news will come as a great disappointment to them... for I honestly believe that there is not one top-ranking player in this Colony—whatever his nationality—who would not give his all to play against the famous Gunners from Highbury... stale or fresh... lively or weary!!!

### WEEK-END GAMES

Local fans will have a full programme of soccer entertainment to keep them going during the week-end and in the days that follow.

With the cancellation of the Army-Eastern match the first class programme this afternoon has now been reduced to two games and there can be no doubt that a very big crowd will turn out at Caroline Hill to see League-leading KMB in action against Club.

This should be a thrilling game for the Club, in spite of their defeat by South China, are nowadays a tough handful for any side in the competition.

KMB will naturally star favourites but if they are to finish on the winning side they will have to play at top speed throughout the full 70 minutes.

Club is just the sort of side to knock the Busmen off their normal game and it is certain that we shall see more of the tactics which KMB adopted in their recent match against Navy for the powerful Club eleven will stand no such methods.

Sing Tao clash with St. Joseph's at the Club Stadium and if they strike any semblance of their normal form they should be too strong in all departments for the Saints.

# CHAMPIONS OF TOMORROW



L/Cpl. Ken Norris won the Individual Army Cross Country Championship at Colchester and is shown here with the trophy, but he has also other claims to fame. He won the Inter-Counties Championship, ran second to Gordon Pirie in the British Championship, second to Alain Mimoun of France in the International Cross Country Championship and has won two races abroad this year against star foreigners. He has established himself as Gordon Pirie's successor and may soon be another Briton to give Zatopek a close race.



Derek Johnson (Oxford) winning the Half Mile in 1 minute 53.1 seconds in the Battle of the Blues. He broke an Inter-Varsity record that has stood for 20 years and has successfully defied the efforts of such great half-milers as Hamish Stothard, Angus Scott and Roger Bannister. Johnson, a champion of the future, is the English schoolboy record holder at 440 Yards in 48.9 seconds.

# SPORTS SURVEY

By "ALL-ROUNDER"

NOT SO COMIC. Canterbury and Margate met in a Kent Senior Cup tie. Margate won, but the tie was ordered to be replayed by the County Council because the winners fielded two unqualified men. Believe it or not, their names were—Abbott and Costello!

FULL CYCLE. Two young men were serving in the RAF together during the War. One was Charlie Faulkless, established Scottish League referee, who this week "whistles" Wales v. Ireland at Wrexham and then the Scottish Cup Final. He has been at it 18 years. The other RAF man was not even on the Services' list, but the two of them will go to Switzerland this summer as Britain's referees in the World Cup series. The other? Arthur Ellis, England's outstanding official.

A YOUTHFUL DILEMMA. Maxwell Murray, of Queen's Park, has a problem. He will almost certainly be chosen for two Scottish Internationals on the same day—Scotland v. Ireland, Amateurs at Ibrox and Scotland v. Wales Youth at Llandudno. Which will he choose? If he selects the Youth's match, his six "cups" in two seasons will be "all time under-18 record."

NO WONDER. Little Jackie Cunniffe, Port Vale's Left winger, led International SWA Rinkaby trophy cupboard.

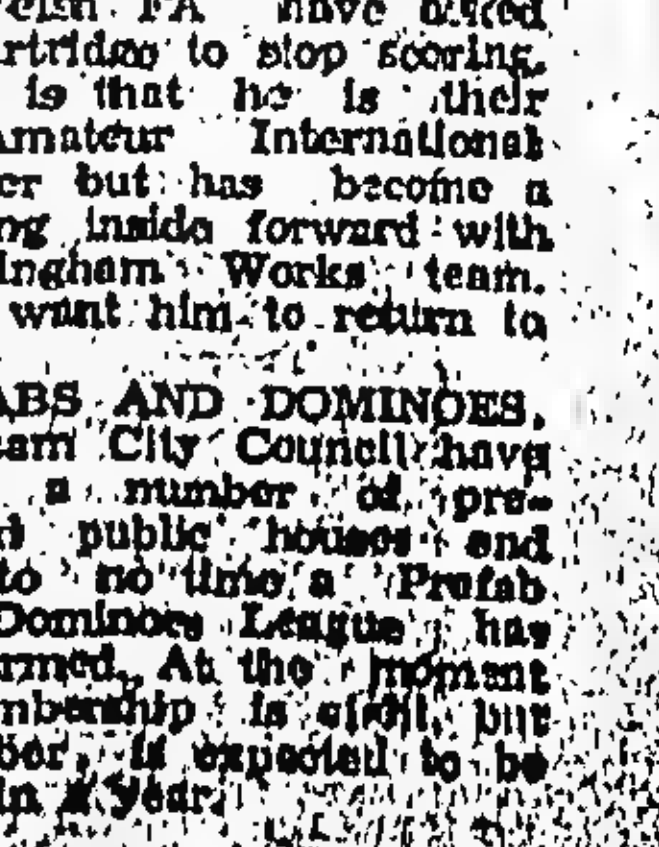
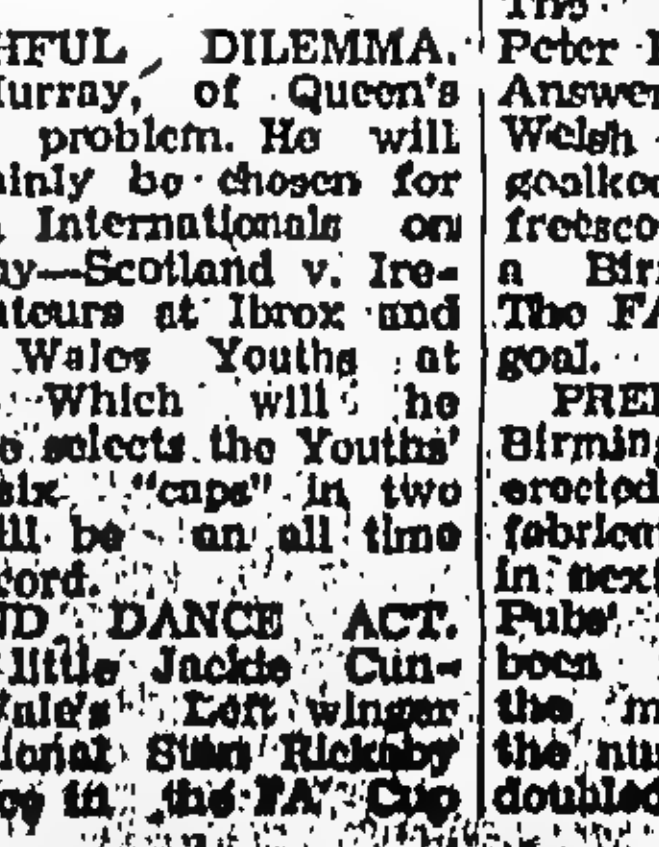
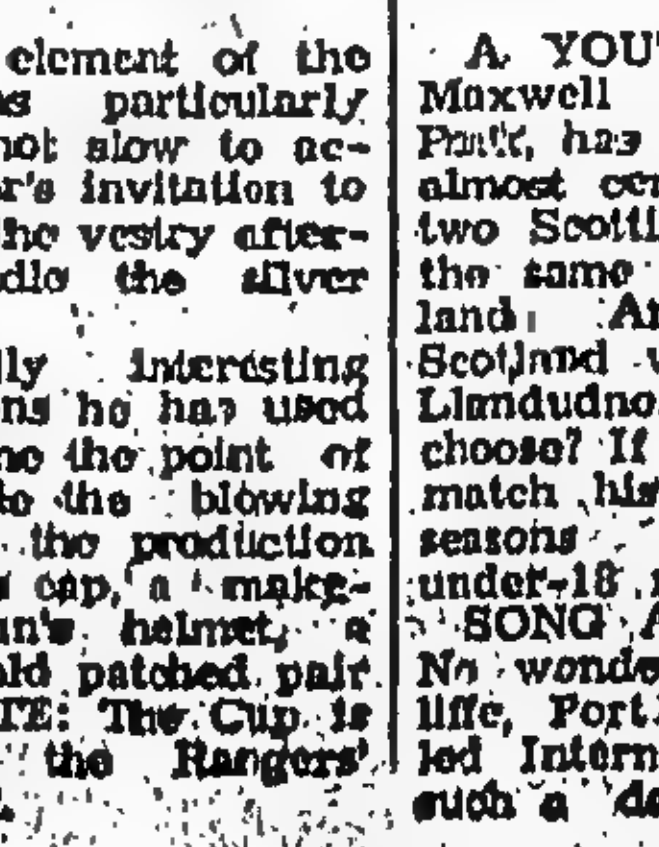
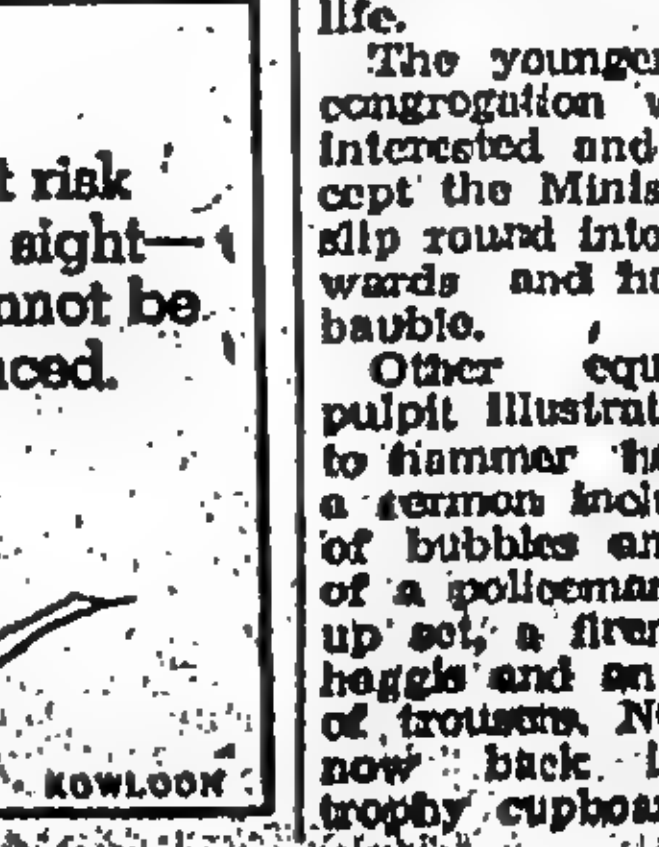
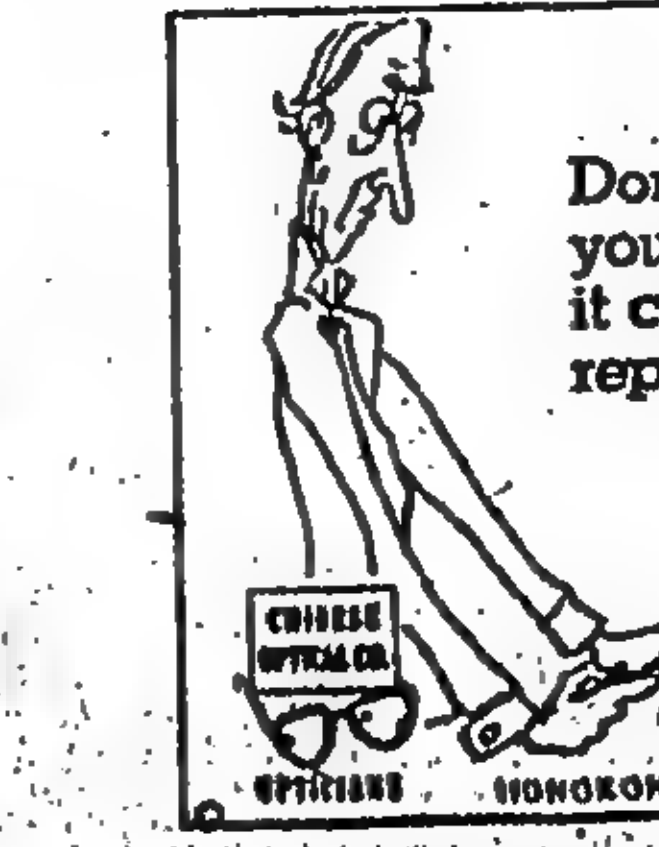
semi-final at Villa Park. He was once a member of a stage song and dance act, Jack and Jean, and these juveniles entertained the Forces during the War with singing and tap dancing for a Wigan amateur concert party.

MERRICK, MERRICK AND MERRICK. Sounds like a firm of solicitors, but, in fact, it is the last two lines of defence of Shirley Town, South Birmingham League Cup. Arthur (35) is in goal, celebrating 20 years with the side; brother Albert (28) is right back; and Arthur's son Geoff (16) is left back. They are two cousins and a second cousin of Gil Merrick, England and Birmingham City goalkeeper. Arthur once played against Gil—19 years ago, both goalkeepers in a very funny match.

PLEASE DO NOT SCORE. The Welsh FA have asked Peter Partridge to stop scoring. Answer is that he is their Welsh Amateur International goalkeeper but has become a freescoring inside forward with a Birmingham Works team. The FA want him to return to goal.

PREFABS AND DOMINOES. Birmingham City Council have erected a number of prefabricated public houses and in next to "no time" a Prefab Pub Dominoes League has been formed. At the present time the membership is expected to be doubled in a year.

## POP





## ENGLAND WIN THE TRIPLE CROWN



England won the Triple Crown of international rugby for the first time since 1937 when they defeated Scotland at Murrayfield by 13 points to 3. They also retained the Calcutta Cup. This picture shows G. Rimmer (England) dashing off in possession following a scrum.

## ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

## Another Reminder Of The Changing Face Of English Cricket

Cyril Washbrook's appointment to the captaincy of Lancashire is another reminder of the changing face of English cricket. He joins the growing band of professional captains.

Already there is Tom Dollery, who led Warwickshire to a famous Championship victory in 1951, Jack Crapp of Gloucestershire and Doug Wright of Kent and the selection of a fifth professional skipper is expected at Northants.

The days when an amateur could afford the time and money to play cricket for six months of the year seem to be rapidly passing and another vogue is for the appointment of a full-time Secretary-Captain who retains his amateur status.

At Leicestershire, Charlie Palmer, on a seven-year contract, has done an excellent job in this capacity. There is Desmond Eagar of Hants and Trevor Bailey is the Assistant Secretary of Essex. But other counties who have tried to solve the problem in this way have failed to find suitable candidates.

## ONLY WAY OUT

Only way out is to put a paid player in charge. And is it so bad? Over the years in many counties senior professional players have virtually been the skipper. The amateur seeks his advice and acts upon it; he makes the decision which his professional offers.

Some amateur captains have frankly not been worth their place in the side on playing ability and I recall the occasion when one of them at last got within reach of his ambition to score a half-century. He got in the twenties, in the thirties and to the forties. At tea he had one run to go. When he got to the dressing-room the senior pros went up to him and said: "Sorry, skip, but we've had to declare."

It would be entirely wrong and unfair, however, to suggest English cricket has not been blessed with many inspiring captains also well worth their place in any team on ability alone.

Barney, my own county, have been exceptionally lucky. P.G.H. Fender, all the other players tell me, had quite the unlikeliest brain of any county captain, while there was the great D. H. Jardine, an austere and commanding figure, and the present Stuart Surridge, whose infectious and bubbling personality makes the whole team strive for victory from the first ball of the match.

But the fact remains that younger men who are able to play and be worth their place are growing scarcer every year and whether English cricket likes it or not there will be even more paid leaders.

Perhaps the solution would be to play less first-class cricket—say one match a week received payment for coaching and yet played occasionally for his county as an amateur.

It has often puzzled me—what does constitute an amateur? One fellow I knew regularly received payment for coaching and yet played occasionally for his county as an amateur.

I could write on this topic for hours! I maintain all players should be known as PLAYERS and not distinguished as amateurs or professionals. All contracts should be the private concern of the club and the individual.

Then there would be less worry about whether a man was officially a professional or not.

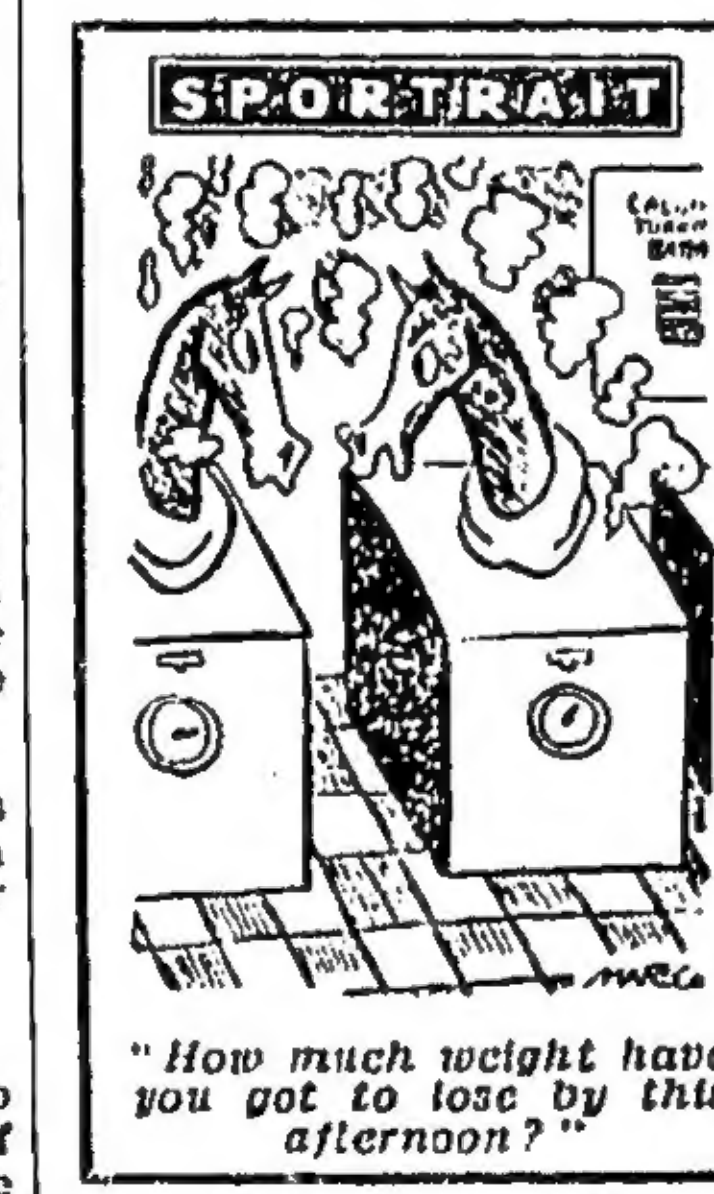
## NOT SO FUSSY

The Australians are not so fussy over the appointment of a captain as presumably the

English are. They choose their national team and from the eleven pick the skipper. We do the reverse. We pick the skipper and then the rest of the team.

England have sensibly chosen Hutton, the Yorkshire professional, in three series now and all told he has done a fine job. The key to the whole business is surely this: he must be the best man for the job irrespective of his status.

And that applies equally well to England's first eleven and to the humblest county side. Captains have an immense responsibility to help county cricket remain attractive to the public and it is up to them, and perhaps even more to the professional, to enforce dynamic cricket.



"How much weight have you got to lose by this afternoon?"

London Express Service.

## ENGLAND SEEK A RUGBY HAT TRICK, SCOTLAND TRY TO AVOID ONE

By J.R. WATKINS

At the Colombes Stadium, Paris, this afternoon, England can complete a hat trick of international Rugby Union honours this season. Already winners of the Triple Crown and the Calcutta Cup, victory over France would see England retain her International Championship.

Indeed, with a two-point lead over their opponents, England need only draw to make sure of the Championship.

**FORMIDABLE TASK**  
Even this, however, will be a formidable task. France are a strong side. They have only lost one match this season—to Wales—and in beating Ireland, Scotland and the All-Black did not once have their line crossed.

The forwards show tremendous verve and dash for such powerfully built men, whilst the backs handle the ball brilliantly.

Veteran forward Jean Prat, skipper of the side, is playing as well as ever. There are still fewer safer place-kickers in the game. So, if France can pierce the England defence, few of their tries are likely to go unconverted.

The question is, will they? For all their individual skill I don't think they'll find the English line readily accessible. They'll be up against fifteen Englishmen playing as a team. Whatever their faults this season the English fifteen has shone all the other home sides in teamwork.

It has been this playing together, getting the best out of each man, that has gained England the Triple Crown.

Three—Woodward, Butterfield and Wynn show rare combination. Wynn on the extreme left, is more an individualist. His temperamental liking for dashing about all over the field means he is often not to be found where he is most wanted. But to offset this he often turns up where the opposition least expect it.

And the three-quarters receive excellent support from the half-backs, Martin Regan and Gordon Rimmer.

Indeed, the England team as a whole, from full-back to forwards, play as a unit. Each man, naturally, has his own job. But the dividing lines are not hard and fast.

The issue, then, is whether this sound teamwork can counter France's brilliant counter-attack.

Should England fail, the International Championship could end in a triple tie.

**WALES v. SCOTLAND**  
The two points gained would enable France to equal England's total of six. Wales can reach a similar total by beating Scotland at Swansea. They'll find the Scots in fighting mood. For, while England aim at a hat trick of honours, Scotland battle to avoid a hat trick of ignominious wooden spoons.

In the last two seasons they not only finished bottom of the table, but lost every match as well.

Today is their last chance to prevent a similar disaster happening this season.

The return of R.K.D. McEwen as hooker will considerably strengthen the Scots fifteen. Their forwards form one of the most powerful packs in the tournament. With McEwen alongside they should ensure the backs getting plenty of the ball.

But can the backs make full use of it?

They are undoubtedly much improved and should increase their meagre tally of three points gained so far this season.

But I don't think they'll score enough for victory.

—(London Express Service)

## A DIRTY BOW AND ARROW ON PARADE

By J.W. TAYLOR

In the ranks of the 5th Battalion the South Staffordshire Regiment Territorials today there are men who tell a joke about having a dirty bow and arrow on parade. They are members of the Regiment's spare time club, the Whittmore Company of Archers, who include the adjutant, Captain A. T. de Villiers.

When he is posted to South Africa in the summer he will take a hunting bow and arrows with him. He hopes to emulate the 1950 African venture of that brilliant American archer, Howard Hill.

Using a modern hunting bow with tubular steel arrows, the heads of which were, 4½ in. long and 1½ in. wide, he shot, he bagged under the lenses of the movie camera two lions, a leopard, nine crocodiles, and many other animals, including four elephants! One of the latter was killed with a single arrow placed accurately in the brain.

**ONCE THE GLORY**  
Archery was once the glory of the Army in the early days. The soldier archers were the best in the world, and to a great extent it is to the skill of their forefathers in the use of the bow that Britons owe their national existence.

Six centuries ago their ancestors rose at Crecy with their long bows and with deadly accuracy drove off repeated French attacks, inflicting appalling casualties in men and horses. During the Second World War Colonel Jack Churchill used his bow on Commando raids.

These Staffordshire Territorial archers are finding that the sport builds stamina, develops co-ordination of muscle, hand and eye, which in itself is a useful equipment for any soldier.

An archer shooting a York Round (144 arrows at three different ranges) using a medium weight bow will have pulled over 2½ tons with three fingers and walked about 2½ miles!

One may shoot any of the standard rounds—a term used for a fixed number of arrows at certain ranges—and may choose from 72 to 144 arrows at ranges varying from 30 to 100 yards.

It is quite a thrill to watch the arrow streak heavenward during flight—shooting for maximum distance, the arrow being shot at an angle of 45 degrees elevation. Record distance is more than 600 yards.

## CHEAP SPORT

Club archery is a comparatively cheap sport. No special clothing is needed and all the equipment, apart from bow and arrows, can be made or bought for a few shillings. Bows cost from 50s. to £8 and arrows from 3s. to 15s. each, but it is not essential to buy the most expensive.

Competitive shooting at straw targets is the chief practice of the club sport but more variation can be found in archery than in any other sport, including practice for real animal hunting over a field course at unspecified ranges with animal silhouettes dotted over moor and woods as targets.

The Territorials' cracks about dirty bows and arrows is not really so funny, for it is possible to have them like that to the extent that accuracy is impaired. If the tubular metal arrows are dirty then they will not fly straight. Moreover, if the soldier-archer is a good rifle shot it does not necessarily mean that he can shoot equally well with a bow and arrow. Accuracy in both kinds of shooting is achieved in different ways.

Recent years have seen a great revival in the sport of archery, and today it is highly organised under the auspices of the Grand National Archery Society of Great Britain, whose hundredth meeting at Oxford last year can be said to mark the rebirth of modern archery.

Nearly 300 active archery clubs in Britain are affiliated to this governing body. Any of its members may compete in the British championships. There are no eliminating contests or selection committees to pass. Even a raw beginner can compete, which is more than most sports allow.

Archery is a sport for all the people, young or old, fit or unfit, male or female, providing exercise in its unhurried form—out rush or bustle, and this is one reason why it is enjoying increasing popularity all over the world.

## My Best Golf Shot

## NO. 7 IRON SEES DENNY THROUGH

By James Goodfellow

International Cecil Denny (North Middlesex), who captured the Essex open championship three times when he was professional at Thorpe Hall, recalls a one-stroke win over Bert Hodson for the title.

Said Denny: "The contest was at Chigwell. My score 146. The gallery watching the exciting finish said I needed 4, 5 for the last two holes to win. In the stress I 3-putted the 17th, however, to take a 5. Prospects now did not look so good."

**560 YARDS**  
"I determined to go all out at the 18th for a 4. No easy matter as the hole was around 560 yards, the going heavy and the wind against."

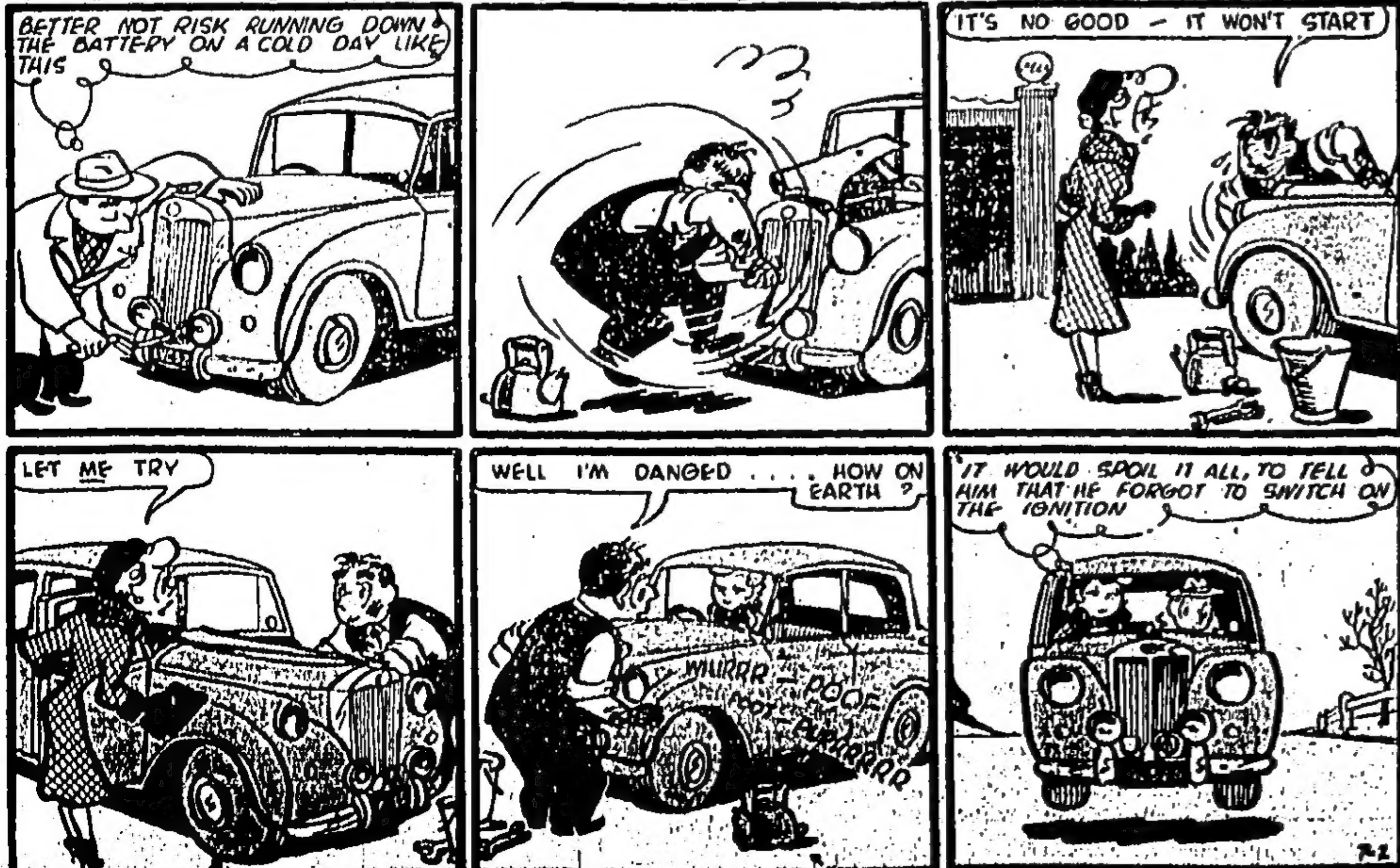
"A good drive was followed by a fine brassie shot and still I was short of the green."

"This meant that I had to get down with an approach shot and one putt for my second win in the championship."

"My 7-iron shot, a beauty, finished three inches from the pin. All I had to do was to tap in the putt for the coveted 4—and victory."

—(London Express Service)

## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS



## What is Cadyl?

Cadyl is a proprietary brand for a scientifically tested compound of cleansing emollient and tonic skin oils. The application of Cadyl to the skin by the regular use of Rexona soap helps to give a healthier, cleaner and smoother skin.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB  
TENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 10th April & Sunday 11th April, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. on the 1st Day and the First Race run at 2 p.m.  
On the 2nd Day the First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).  
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

**MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE**

MEMBERS ARE INFORMED THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADIES' BROCHURES NOW SUPERSEDE THE PREVIOUS ISSUE.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 12811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

**PUBLIC ENCLOSURE**

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

**SERVANTS**

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

**CASH SWEEPS**

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$44.00.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 1st Day (10th April) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 302 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

**TOTALISATOR**

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. M18A,  
Secretary.











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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1954.

## JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

### Troubled Night

ALL night, Arthur had been tramping the streets, wondering what to do with himself now he was out of work again, wondering what would become of his two sons, if he could earn no money for their keep. All night he walked, with only unpleasant thoughts for company.

By the time daylight began to creep over the City, Arthur's long walk had taken him to Chelsea.

There, in an empty street that ran down to the silvering river, he came upon a car whose young woman owner had trustfully parked unlocked, and with the ignition key in place, outside her flat for the night.

Arthur, whose trade is driving, helped himself.

#### TRAILED

QUETLY he drove the car away, setting course towards the east. Though he rode now instead of walking, he still had his thoughts for company.

They crowded in upon him mind in a confusing jumble, and he was so pre-occupied that he never noticed he was being trailed by another car.

For nearly all his adult life, Arthur had been a soldier. He joined the Army as a boy in 1937, and served for the next 10 years. Then he left the Army.

After eight months as a civilian, Arthur rejoined his old corps.

#### DESERTED

HIS served abroad, in Korea, Japan, and the Middle East, and somewhere or other collected an ailment or injury which, while it was not very grave, put an end to his Army career.

He came out of the service last December, with a small weekly pension. He came home, and he found his wife had left him, and that his two young sons were being cared for by his father.

Arthur got a job as a lorry driver, paid his father for the boys' keep, and lived in hope that his wife would come back.

The job proved too tough for him. He left it and got another, and the same thing happened. It was while he was trying to work out what to do next, that he tramped the streets all night and drove off the car from Chelsea, and headed east.

#### PULLED UP

HE had just reached the Law Courts, when the car that had been trailing him swept ahead and, as if the City clocks, all striking five, had been a signal, he was ordered to stop.

"That your car?" asked the policeman who gave the order.

"No, I'm a motor mechanic, just testing it," Arthur said.

"Testing it, at five in the morning?"

"I mean I was just driving to the Borough to see about a job," Arthur said, fumbling around for a story that might ring true.

He was arrested, and at the West London court, in due course, he pleaded guilty to taking and driving away the car without its owner's consent, and driving without insurance or licence.

#### PUZZLED

THE story was told to Mr E.R. Guest, who was also informed that Arthur had three times been in trouble before for crimes of the bicycle stealing type. "What do you want to say?" Mr Guest asked Arthur.

"I always had a good character in the Army, sir," said Arthur, who has a gnarled, bronzed, pockmarked face. "When I come back to civil life I find my wife's left me, and it upset me," he said. "I bin worried what would happen to me two boys."

He was remanded in custody for a medical examination. He went away, making no special plea, with a puzzled, troubled look on his face. As he found civilian life something he would never properly understand now that he had no wife to steer him through it.

## "Prevent Damage By Experiments"

### Japan's Appeal On H-Bomb To United Nations

New York, Apr. 9.

As the 12-nation Disarmament Commission gathered at U. N. Headquarters today for a meeting, Japan sent a resolution passed by the Diet recently asking that the United Nations "ensure the prevention of damages by experiments of atomic weapons."

Mr Renzo Sawada, the Japanese observer to the United Nations, sent the resolution to the Secretary General, Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, with the request that he make copies available to all 60 member nations.

Mr Sawada told Reuter that he intended to be present at the meeting later today of the Disarmament Commission, but that he had no plans for asking the Commission to consider the effects of the United States hydrogen bomb tests on Japanese fishing boats.

Some Japanese fishermen suffered from the radioactive ash which fell on their vessel as a result of the March 1 test at Eniwetok.

India referred to the effects of the explosion on the people of Japan in a letter to the Secretary General yesterday asking him to place before the Disarmament Commission for "immediate consideration" the plan advanced by Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, last Friday calling for a "standstill" agreement on hydrogen bomb tests pending decisions on prohibition and control.

The Indian delegation said that the effects on the Japanese people deserved the "special consideration of the Commission." The Indian letter further pointed out that Japan was not represented at the United Nations and was not one of the parties principally concerned in the disarmament problem.

Mr Sawada, in answer to a question, said that the Indian reference to Japan was "made by them on their own accord without any consultation with this office."

He said the first he knew about it was when he received a copy of the Indian letter this morning.—Reuter.

### No Consultation Necessary

Kansas City, Apr. 9. Former President Harry Truman agreed today that a 1948 Anglo-American agreement abrogated the restriction on the use of atomic bombs, provided in the original atomic agreement between the two nations.

He called a press conference this morning saying he had obtained data and names to refresh his memory since a statement he made on Tuesday that the Anglo-American atomic agreement still was in effect.

His statement was challenged by Senator Bourke Hickenlopper (Republican, Iowa).

In answer to a question about his earlier statement, the former President said: "The text of the 1943 agreement between Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt upon the atomic bomb and atomic energy was published on April 6, 1954, by authorization of the President."

"The second paragraph of this agreement provided: 'We will not use it—(That is the atomic bomb) against a third party without each other's consent.'"

In reply to another question as to whether the agreement had been changed, Mr Truman said: "In 1947, a new agreement was negotiated with the British through Under-Secretary Lovett at my direction. This new agreement went into effect on Janu-

### BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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